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A THIRD POETRY BOOK

A garden stored with Poesy ;
Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some weeds be
That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mischief free.

W. WORDSWORTH.

A THIRD
POETRY BOOK

COMPILED BY

M. A. WOODS

LATE HEAD MISTRESS OF THE CLIFTON HIGH SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.
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1896

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TO

MY SIXTH FORM

AND TO ALL OTHERS ENTERING ON THEIR

INHERITANCE OF

THE NOBLE AND LOVELY THINGS THAT HAVE

BEEN SAID IN ENGLISH VERSE

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED

PREFACE

THIS third volume of my poetical series is intended primarily for the Upper Forms of High Schools; but I hope it may prove useful to students who have left school, and are now reading for themselves. I have assumed that, in either case, the masterpieces of English Literature will be read independently, and have included no extracts from the *Plays* of Shakspeare, the *Canterbury Tales*, *Paradise Lost*, or the first two books of the *Faery Queene*. Poems from Spenser onwards I have, with some reluctance, given in modern spelling; chiefly because it seemed unreasonable to do for the contemporaries and successors of Shakspeare what no one does for Shakspeare himself. But earlier poems, Scottish poems, and those written in dialect, I have given as they stand, confident that my readers will find them very well worth the trouble of mastering.

In this last volume I have allowed myself some-

what more freedom of choice, as regards both subject and language, than in the earlier ones. Every piece, however, has been carefully selected, and some omissions necessarily made. Where these are small, I have not in all cases called attention to them; where they are large, I have described the piece as an extract.

I need scarcely say that I have made no attempt to secure anything like a *consensus* of opinion or sentiment. These will differ in poems as in people, and we must all learn to make allowance for such differences, and to recognise the common inspiration that underlies them.

Lastly, I must confess that I make no claim to have included "the best, and the best only." It would have been superfluous to attempt what has been so splendidly attempted already, and even if *The Golden Treasury* had not been written, I should have felt myself quite unqualified for so serious a task. I have simply done within the limits of publication what all of us who are lovers of poetry do without those limits. I have made a selection such as has pleased myself, and may, I hope, please others, and be of use to them in making their own. To those who read it I would say, using a hackneyed metaphor—"I have gathered

you a nosegay from the fields of English Poetry, including some of its humbler as well as rarer growths; I hope you may find it, as I have done, a 'handful of pleasant delights'; but it will not, and ought not to satisfy you. You must go out and gather for yourselves. You will not, perhaps, find anything more beautiful than some of the things I have included; but you will find much that is as beautiful, or nearly so. You may set *Comus* against *Lycidas*, and *Hellas* against *Adonais;* you may match almost any of the sonnet-groups, and make your own selection from the exquisite left-out things of Spenser and Wordsworth. And of living writers (for those privileged anthologies that need take no account of copyrights, or critics, or limited space) you may multiply again and again the examples I have given.

"You will not easily exhaust the 'infinite variety' of these fields, and will soon be bewildered, and possibly disheartened. But go on bravely, and, above all things, be honest. Choose what you really like, and you will learn what you ought to like. Wordsworth's wonderful lines about the Poet are still true:

> " 'And you must love him, ere to you
> He will seem worthy of your love.'

"And so, to drop metaphor, I trust that you may be tempted by what you read here to read more widely and more deeply, and that you may find in your search for beauty that purest of pleasures which experience has shown to be proof against sickness and old age, and which, if we are to believe Spenser and Plato, even death itself will be unable to destroy."

With these wishes for those who read it, I commend my little book to its fate.

For the use of copyright poems, I have to express my warm acknowledgments to the following authors and publishers—Miss Rossetti, Miss Ingelow, Mr. Brown (author of *Fo'c's'le Yarns*), Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. A. Lang, Mr. Allingham, Mr. E. Bowen, Messrs. Smith and Elder (for the use of two copyright sonnets by Mrs. Browning), Messrs. Kegan Paul, Messrs. Longman, and Messrs. Macmillan. I have also to express my obligations to those American authors whose poems I have inserted, and to thank Canon Ainger for permission to make use of his notes to poems by Coleridge and Lamb.

CLIFTON, *November* 1888.

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PART I

AN INVOCATION OF PHANTASY

(From Ben Jonson's "Vision of Delight")

Break, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,
  And spread thy purple wings:
Now all thy figures are allowed,
  And various shapes of things.
Create of airy forms a stream:
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm;
And though it be a waking dream,
Yet let it like an odour rise
  To all the Senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
  Or music in their ear.

1.—TO POETS

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?

—Yes: and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wondrous,
With the parle of voices thundrous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large bluebells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancèd thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again ;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumbered, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week ;
Of their sorrows and delights ;
Of their passions and their spites ;
Of their glory and their shame ;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new !

J. KEATS

2.—THE SPLENDOUR FALLS

THE splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !

O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON

3.—MADRIGALS

OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

I

THUS saith my Cloris bright,
When we of Love sit down and talk together:
"Beware of Love: Love is a walking sprite;
And Love is this and that,
And O! I know not what;
And comes and goes again I wot not whither."
No, no; these are but bugs[1] to breed amazing,
For in her eyes I saw his torchlight blazing.

ANON.

[1] Bugbears: connected with *pouk* (Puck) and *bogie*.

2

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,
And then behold your lips, where sweet love harbours,
Mine eyes present me with a double doubting;
For, viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes,
Whether the roses be your lips,—or your lips the roses.

ANON.

3

Once in an arbour was my mistress sleeping,
With rose and woodbine woven,
Whose person thousand graces had in keeping;
Where, for mine heart, her heart's hard flint was cloven
To keep him safe. Behind stood, pertly peeping,
Poor Cupid, softly creeping,
And drave small birds out of the myrtle bushes,
Scared with his arrows, who sat cheeping
On every sprig; whom Cupid calls and hushes
From branch to branch: whiles I, poor soul, sat weeping
To see her breathe, not knowing,
Incense into the clouds, and bless with breath
The winds and air; whiles Cupid, underneath,
With birds, with songs, nor any posies throwing,
Could her awake.
Each noise sweet lullaby was, for her sake!

B. BARNES

4.—A WISH[1]

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill-known:
Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night;
My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, not luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
"To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them: I have lived to-day."

A. COWLEY

[1] Written at thirteen. The poem may be compared with one on a similar subject by Pope, written at about the same age. See vol. ii. p. 29.

5.—A PRAISE OF HIS LADY

GIVE place, you ladies, and begone;
Boast not yourselves at all:
For here at hand approacheth one
Whose face will stain[1] you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone:
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy:
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould
Where she her shape did take;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
So fair a creature make.

She may be very well compared
Unto the Phœnix kind,
Whose like was never seen or heard
That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste,
In truth Penelope;
In word and eke in deed steadfast:
What will you more we say?

[1] Bring reproach on (by its superior beauty). See No. 24.

If all the world were sought so far,
Who could find such a wight?
Her beauty twinkleth like a star
Within the frosty night.

Her roseal colour comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier too than doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as a stray.

The modest mirth that she doth use
Is mixed with shamefastness;
All vice she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth idleness.

O Lord! it is a world to see
How virtue can repair
And deck her in such honesty
Whom Nature made so fair.

Truly she doth so far exceed
Our women nowadays
As doth the gilliflower[1] a weed,
And more a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graff
Of this unspotted tree?
For all the rest are plain but chaff
Which seem good corn to be.

[1] See note 4, p. 129.

This gift alone I shall her give:
When Death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.

J. HEYWOOD[1]

6.—COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH

COME away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress[2] let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

W. SHAKSPEARE

[1] This authorship is disputed.

[2] Commonly explained as *cypres*, crape; but we find mention of coffins made of black cypress wood (see second stanza), and the epithet "sad" is used regularly of the cypress-tree, while it could scarcely be used of a "shroud of white." See Clarendon Press Edition of *Twelfth Night*.

7.—THE VENGEANCE OF BACCHUS

BACCHUS by the lonely ocean
Stood in youthful semblance fair:
Summer winds, with gentle motion,
Waved his black and curling hair;
Streaming from his manly shoulders
Robes of gold and purple dye
Told of spoil to fierce beholders
In their black ship sailing by.
On the vessel's deck they placed him,
Strongly bound in triple bands;
But the iron rings that braced him
Melted, wax-like, from his hands.
Then the pilot spake in terror:
"Tis a god in mortal form!
Seek the land; repair your error
Ere his wrath invoke the storm."
"Silence!" cried the frowning master;
"Mind the helm; the breeze is fair.
Coward! cease to bode disaster:
Leave to men the captive's care."
While he speaks, and fiercely tightens
In the full free breeze the sail,
From the deck wine bubbling lightens,
Winy fragrance fills the gale;
Gurgling in ambrosial lustre
Flows the purple-eddying wine;
O'er the yard-arms trail and cluster
Tendrils of the mantling vine;
Grapes, beneath the broad leaves springing,
Blushing as in vintage hours,

Droop, while round the tall mast clinging
Ivy twines its buds and flowers,
Fast with graceful berries blackening ;
Garlands hang on every oar.
Then, in fear the cordage slackening,
One and all, they cry, "To shore !"
Bacchus changed his shape, and glaring
With a lion's eyeballs wide,
Roared : the pirate-crew, despairing,
Plunged amid the foaming tide.
Through the azure depths they flitted,
Dolphins by transforming fate :
But the god the pilot pitied,
Saved, and made him rich and great.

T. L. PEACOCK

8.—EARINE

(FROM "THE SAD SHEPHERD")

HERE she was wont to go ; and here, and here ;
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow :
The world may find the Spring by following her,
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blowball from his stalk ;
But like the soft west wind she shot along,
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

BEN JONSON

9.—TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

R. LOVELACE

10.—ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me:
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blessed be the art that can immortalise,

The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here,
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long!
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss:
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,

Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more:
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capped,
'Tis now become a history little known
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps, of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.

* * * *

Could those few[1] pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might,—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;

[1] She died when he was six years old.

So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
"Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar." [1]
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tost,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth,[2]
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies!
And now, farewell! Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

W. COWPER

[1] Quoted, perhaps from memory, from Garth's *Dispensary*, where we find—

"To die is landing on some silent shore
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar."

[2] His mother was descended by four different lines from King Henry III.

11.—O THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING

O THAT we two were Maying
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze ;
Like children with violets playing
In the shade of the whispering trees !

O that we two sat dreaming
On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,
Watching the white mist streaming
Over river and mead and town !

O that we two lay sleeping
In our nest in the churchyard sod,
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,
And our souls at home with God !

C. KINGSLEY

12.—THE SCHOLAR

My days among the Dead are passed ;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old :
My never-failing friends are they
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,

My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead ; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead ; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

R. SOUTHEY

13.—THE SHIP O' THE FIEND

"O WHERE hae ye been, my lang-lost lover,
This lang seven years and mair ?"
"O I'm come again to seek your love
And the vows that ye did swear."

"Now haud your tongue o' my love and vows,
For they can breed but strife ;
Now haud your tongue o' my former vows,
For I am anither man's wife."

He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his e'e :
"I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

"I might hae had a noble lady,
Far beyond the sea;
I might hae had a noble lady,
Were it no for the love o' thee."

"If ye might hae had a noble lady,
Yoursel' ye hae to blame;
Ye might hae taken the noble lady,
For ye kenned that I was nane."

"O fause are the vows o' womankind,
But fair is their fause bodie;
I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
Were it no for the love o' thee!

"For I despised the pearls and rings,
And the fair lady also;
And I am come back to my ain true love,
But with me she'll not go."

"My husband he is a carpenter,
And earns gude bread wi' his hand;
And I hae borne him a little son;
Wi' you I winna gang."

"Ye may leave your husband to himsel',
And your little son also;
And sail wi' me across the sea:
Sae fair the wind doth blow."

"O what hae you to keep me wi',
If I wi' you should go—
If I should forsake my good husband,
My little young son also?"

"See ye not yon seven pretty ships—
The eighth brought me to land—
With merchandise and mariners,
And music on every hand?

"There's mantles warm to wrap my love,
O' the silk and soft velvét,
And rich attires to deck her head,
And costly shoon for her feet."

She turned her round upon the shore,
Her love's ships to behold,
Their mainyards and their topmasts high
Were covered o'er wi' gold.

And she has gone to her little young son,
Kissed him baith cheek and chin:
"O fare ye weel, my little son!
For I'll never see you again."

She has drawn the slippers on her feet,
Well wrought wi' threads o' gold,
And he's wrapt her round wi' the soft velvét
To haud her frae the cold.

"O how do you like the ship?" he said
"Or how do you like the sea?
And how do you like the bold mariners
That wait upon thee and me?"

"O weel I like the ship," she said,
"And weel I like the sea;
But where are a' your mariners?
I see nane but thee and me."

She hadna sailed a league frae land,
A league but barely three,
Till she minded on her dear husband,
And her little young son tee.

"O gin I were on shore again,
On shore where I wad be,
Nae living man should flatter me
To sail upon the sea!"

"O haud your tongue o' weeping," says he,
"Let a' your mourning be;
I'll show ye how the lilies grow
On the banks o' Italie."

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?"
"O yon are the hills o' Heaven," he said,
Where you will never win."

"O whatna mountain is yon," she said,
"Sae dreary wi' frost and snow?"
"O yon is the mountain o' Hell," he cried,
"Where you and I maun go!"

And aye when she turned her round about,
Aye taller he seemed for to be;
Until that the tops o' that gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

He strack the mainmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee;
The gallant ship was broken in twain,
And sank into the sea.

OLD BALLAD

14.—THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

THE man of life upright, whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds, and thoughts of vanity;
That man whose silent days in harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude, nor fortune discontent;
That man needs neither tower nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly from thunder's violence.
He only can behold with unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep and terrors of the skies.
Thus, scorning all the care that fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book, his wisdom heavenly things,
Good thoughts his only friends, his wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn—a quiet pilgrimage.

FRA. BACON [1]

15.—WEEP NO MORE

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan;
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets plucked the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.

[1] So in a MS. in the British Museum. But in a song-book of 1601 it is claimed for T. Campion.

Trim thy locks, look cheerfully:
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see;
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast:
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe:
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

J. FLETCHER

16.—L'ALLEGRO[1]

HENCE, loathéd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born[2]
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore:

[1] The Light-hearted Man.

[2] This parentage, like the second suggested for Mirth, is of course invented by Milton.

Or whether (as some sager [1] sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violet blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom,[2] blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks [3] and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph,[4] sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free:—
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow

[1] Because making true Mirth the child of the Breeze and the Dawn, rather than of Love and Wine.
[2] Lively. [3] Gibes and puns.
[4] So Tennyson: "Of old sat Freedom on the heights.

Through the sweetbriar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine,[1]
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before ;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn
From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
When the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale[2]
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures :
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,

[1] Generally sweet-briar ; here probably honey-suckle.
[2] Counts his flock : the shepherd's first morning duty.

Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon [1] and Thyrsis [1] met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis [1] dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis [1] to bind the sheaves,
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland [2] hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round
And the jocund rebecks [3] sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail.
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat:
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by friar's lanthorn [4] led,
Tells how the drudging goblin [5] swet [6]
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,

[1] Shepherd names taken from the Eclogues of Vergil.
[2] Country. [3] A kind of fiddle.
[4] There is said to be a confusion here between "Friar Rush, who haunted houses, and Jack o' Lanthorn, who haunted fields."
[5] Robin Goodfellow. [6] Old past tense.

When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber[1] fiend
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his mattin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs[2] hold,
With store of ladies whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp,[3] and feast, and revelry,
With masque and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock[4] be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian[5] airs,

[1] Clumsy. [2] Shows. [3] Procession.
[4] *Soccus*, a shoe worn by comic actors.
[5] Of the three ancient musical modes or scales (Dorian, Phrygian, and Lydian), the Lydian was the softest and tenderest.

Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out;
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony:
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

J. MILTON [1]

17.—SONG IN ABSENCE

THE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint [2] the blithe blink he had
In my ain countrie.
O gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countrie.

[1] For fuller notes to this and other poems by Milton, see Mr. Hales's *Longer English Poems* (Macmillan).
[2] Lost.

O it's nae my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairnies three.
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie
An' smiled my fair Marie:
I've left my heart behind me
In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee;
But I'll win back—O never,
To my ain countrie.
I'm leal to the high Heaven,
Which will be leal to me,
An' there I'll meet ye a' sune
Frae my ain countrie.

A. CUNNINGHAM

18.—A QUIET MIND

WHEN all is done and said, in the end this shall you find:
He most of all doth bathe in bliss that hath a quiet mind;
And, clear from worldly cares, to deem can be content
The sweetest time in all this life in thinking to be spent.

The body subject is to fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps is casual every hour;

And death in time doth change it to a clod of clay :
Whereas the mind, which is divine, runs never to decay.

Companion none is like unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech—through thinking few, or none :
Fear oftentimes restraineth words, but makes not thoughts to cease ;
And he speaks best that hath the skill when for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death, our kinsmen at the grave ;
But virtues of the mind unto the heavens with us we have :
Wherefore, for virtue's sake, I can be well content
The sweetest time in all my life to deem in thinking spent.

THOMAS (LORD) VAUX

19.—TO A CHILD IN HEAVEN

I CARE not, though it be
By the preciser sort thought Popery ;
We poets can a licence show
For every thing we do :
Hear then, my little saint,—I'll pray to thee.

If now thy happy mind
Amidst its various joys can leisure find

To attend to any thing so low
As what I say or do,
Regard, and be what thou wast ever—kind.

Let not the blest above
Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither rove:
Fain would I thy sweet image see,
And sit and talk with thee;
Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah, what delight 'twould be
Wouldst thou sometimes by stealth converse with me!
How should I thy sweet commune prize,
And other joys despise!
Come, then—I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

I would not long detain
Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in pain;
Nor should thy fellow-saints ere know
Of thy escape below:
Before thou'rt missed, thou shouldst return again.

Sure, Heaven must needs thy love
As well as other qualities improve!
Come then, and recreate my sight
With rays of thy pure light:
'Twill cheer my eyes more than the lamps above.

But if Fate's so severe
As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere,
(And by thy absence I shall know
Whether thy state be so,)
Live happy: but be mindful of me there.

J. Norris

20.—THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF QUATRE BRAS [1]

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising bell.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat:
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated [2] chieftain: he did hear

[1] Fought 16th June 1815, two days before the Battle of Waterloo.

[2] The Duke of Brunswick was killed at Quatre Bras.

That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father[1] on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness:
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

[1] His father died of his wounds at Jena, 1806.

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel,[1] which Albyn's[2] hills
Have heard, and heard too have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes[3] waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!

[1] The chief of the clan of the Camerons. [2] Scotland.
[3] Strictly, the forest of Soignies, regarded here as an extension of the Ardennes.

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe, in one red burial blent!

BYRON

21.—PROUD MAISIE

PROUD MAISIE is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
—"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"
—"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glowworm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

W. SCOTT

22.—AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE

(From "The Mistress of Philarete")

Two pretty rills do meet; and, meeting, make
Within one valley a large silver lake;
About whose banks the fertile mountains stood
In ages passèd, bravely crowned with wood.
* * * *

For pleasant was that pool; and near it, then,
Was neither rotten marsh, nor boggy fen.
It was not overgrown with boisterous sedge,
Nor grew there ruddy, then, along the edge
A bending willow, nor a prickly bush,
Nor broad-leafed flag, nor reed, nor knotty rush;
But here, well-ordered, was a grove with bowers;
There, grassy plots set round about with flowers;
Here you might through the water see the land
Appear, strewed o'er with white or yellow sand;
Yon, deeper was it; and the wind by whiffs
Would make it rise and wash the little cliffs;
On which, oft pluming, sat unfrighted there
The gaggling wild goose and the snow-white swan,
With all those flocks of fowls which, to this day,
Upon those quiet waters breed and play.

For, though those excellences wanting be
Which once it had, it is the same that we,
By transposition, name the Ford of Arle;[1]
And out of which, along a chalky marl
That river[2] trills, whose waters wash the fort[3]
In which brave Arthur kept his royal court.

North-east, not far from this great pool, there lies
A tract of beechy mountains, that arise

[1] Alresford. [2] The Itchen. [3] Winchester.

With leisurely ascending, to such height
As from their tops the warlike Isle of Wight
You in the ocean's bosom may espy,
Though near two thousand furlongs thence it lie.
The pleasant way, as up those hills you climb,
Is strewèd o'er with marjoram and thyme
Which grow unset. The hedgerows do not want
The cowslip, violet, primrose, nor a plant
That freshly scents: as birch, both green and tall;
Low sallows, on whose bloomings bees do fall;
Fair woodbines, which about the hedges twine;
Smooth privet, and the sharp-sweet eglantine;
With many more, whose leaves and blossoms fair
The earth adorn, and oft perfume the air.

When you unto the highest do attain,
An intermixture both of wood and plain
You shall behold, which, though aloft it lie,
Hath downs for sheep and fields for husbandry:
So much at least, as little needeth more,
If not enough, to merchandise their store.

In every row hath Nature planted there
Some banquet for the hungry passenger:
For here the hazel-nut and filbert grows;
There, bullaces; and, little farther, sloes;
On this hand standeth a fair wielding-tree;
On that large thickets of black cherries be;
The shrubby fields are raspice orchards there;
The new-felled woods like strawberry gardens are.
And had the King of Rivers blest those hills
With some small number of such pretty rills
As flow elsewhere, Arcadia had not seen
A sweeter plot of earth than this had been.

G. WITHER

23.—DROWNED IN YARROW

DOWN in yon garden sweet and gay
Where bonny grows the lily,
I heard a fair maid sighing say
"My wish be wi' sweet Willie!

"Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny;
And Willie hecht[1] to marry me
Gin e'er he married ony.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my Love repaireth,
Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth
And tell me how he fareth.

"O tell sweet Willie to come down
And hear the mavis singing,
And see the birds on ilka bush
And leaves around them hinging.

"The lav'rock there, wi' her white breast
And gentle throat sae narrow;
There's sport eneuch for gentlemen
On Leader haughs[2] and Yarrow.

"O Leader haughs are wide and braid,
And Yarrow haughs are bonny;
There Willie hecht to marry me
If e'er he married ony.

[1] Promised. [2] Low, rich lands.

"But Willie's gone, whom I thought on,
And does not hear me weeping;
Draws many a tear frae true love's e'e
When other maids are sleeping.

"Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
The night I'll mak' it narrow,
For a' the live lang winter night
I lie twinned[1] o' my marrow.[2]

"O came ye by yon water-side?
Pou'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willie?"

She sought him up, she sought him down,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne,[3] in the cleaving of a craig,
She found him drowned in Yarrow!

OLD BALLAD

24.—SONG TO STELLA

DOUBT you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry state with pleasure?
Who keeps the keys of Nature's chiefest treasure?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only for you the Heaven forgat all measure.

[1] Parted from. [2] Mate. [3] Afterwards.

Who hath the lips where wit in fairness reigneth?
Who womankind at once both decks and staineth?[1]
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only by you Cupid his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet whose steps all sweetness planteth?
Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only to you her sceptre Venus granteth.

Who hath the hand which without stroke subdueth?
Who long-dead beauty with increase reneweth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only at you all envies hopeless rueth.

Who hath the hair which, loosest, fastest tieth?
Who makes a man live then glad when he dieth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath the voice which soul from senses sunders?
Whose force but yours the bolts of beauty thunders?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

P. SIDNEY

[1] See No. 5.

25.—PRAYER OF COLUMBUS

A BATTERED, wrecked old man,
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,
Pent by the sea and dark rebellious brows, twelve
dreary months,
Sore, stiff with many toils, sickened and nigh to
death,
I take my way along the island's edge,
Venting a heavy heart.

I am too full of woe!
Haply I may not live another day:
I cannot rest, O God, I cannot eat or drink or
sleep,
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to
Thee,
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, com-
mune with Thee,
Report myself once more to Thee.

* * * *

All my emprises have been filled with Thee,
My speculations, plans, begun and carried on in
thoughts of Thee,
Sailing the deep or journeying the land for Thee:
Intentions, purports, aspirations mine, leaving re-
sults to Thee.

O I am sure they really came from Thee,
The urge, the ardour, the unconquerable will,
The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than
words,

A message from the Heavens whispering to me
even in sleep:
These sped me on.

By me and these the work so far accomplished,
By me earth's elder cloyed and stifled lands uncloyed, unloosed,
By me the hemispheres rounded and tied, the unknown to the known.

The end I know not, it is all in Thee:
Or small or great I know not—what broad fields, what lands.
Haply the brutish measureless human undergrowth I know
Transplanted there may rise to stature, knowledge worthy Thee;
Haply the swords I know may there indeed be turned to reaping-tools;
Haply the lifeless cross I know, Europe's dead cross, may bud and blossom there.

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand.
That Thou, O God, my life hast lighted
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,
Light rare, untellable, lighting the very light,
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages:
For that, O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees,
Old, poor, and paralysed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,
The clouds already closing in upon me,

The voyage balked, the course disputed, lost,
I yield my ships to Thee.

My hands, my limbs, grow nerveless,
My brain feels racked, bewildered.
Let the old timbers part, I will not part:
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves
buffet me:
Thee, Thee, at least I know.

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving?
What do I know of life? what of myself?
I know not even my own work past or present:
Dim, ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,
Of newer better worlds, their mighty parturition,
Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly, what mean they?
As if some miracle, some hand divine unsealed
my eyes,
Shadowy vast shapes smile through the air and
sky,
And on the distant waves sail countless ships,
And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me.

WALT WHITMAN

26.—AS IN A PICTURE

WHITE, on a cliff they stood;
Beyond, a cypress wood.

Three there were—one who wept,
And one as though he slept;

One with wide steadfast eyes
Fixed in a sad surprise.

Day, like a dying hymn,
Grew gradually dim.

A solitary star
Gleamed on them from afar.

Beneath, by sand and cave
Sobbed the continual wave.

Long time in reverent thought
Who these might be I sought,

Then suddenly I said,
"O Lord of quick and dead!"

L. MORRIS

27.—DARK ROSALEEN [1]

(TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH)

O MY dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green;
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!

[1] *Roisin Dubh:* an old name for Ireland. The ballad was composed in the stormy days of Queen Elizabeth.

Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health and help and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and through dales
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne at its highest flood
I dashed across unseen;
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
O there was lightning in my blood!
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro do I move;
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen;
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.

But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen:
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal;
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home, in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills!
O I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew.
My dark Rosaleen!

J. C. MANGAN

28.—THE SHEPHERD'S ESTATE HAPPIEST

(From "The Purple Island")

Thrice, O thrice happy shepherd's life and state,
When courts are happiness' unhappy pawns!
His cottage low, and safely humble gate,
Shuts out proud Fortune with her scorns and fawns:
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flock he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No serian worms[1] he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their silken lives:—nor silken pride!
His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture[2] dyed;
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise,
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes.
In country plays is all the strife he uses;
Or sing, or dance, unto the rural Muses;
And but in music's sports, all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content:

[1] Silk worms. Serian = Lat. *sericus*, silken, from *seres* (either a corruption of the Chinese word for silk, or the ancient name of the Chinese themselves). [2] Tyrian purple.

The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide's rage is spent:
His life is neither tost in boisterous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease;
Pleased and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place:
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house or state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turf, with grassy tomb, content him.

The world's great Light his lowly state hath blessed,
And left His Heaven to be a shepherd base:
Thousand sweet songs He to His pipe addressed:
Swift rivers stood, beasts, trees, stones, ran apace,
And serpents flew, to hear His softest strains:[1]
He fed His flock where rolling Jordan reigns;
There took our rags, gave us His robes, and bore our pains.

P. FLETCHER

[1] This christianising of the ancient mythologies is common in literature. So Milton:—

". . . the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below."

It is possible that Fletcher alludes to a fresco in the Roman Catacombs (then only recently re-opened), which is supposed to represent our Lord in the character of Orpheus.

29—IL PENSEROSO [1]

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bestead
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of [2] Morpheus' train.

But hail! thou Goddess sage and holy!
Hail! divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue—
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister [3] might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen [4] that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore: [5]

[1] The Contemplative Man.
[2] *i.e.* The body-guard composing.
[3] Hemera.
[4] Cassiopeia, the mother of Andromeda.
[5] This parentage, like that of the spurious "Melancholy" of *L'Allegro*, is of course invented.

His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain):
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.[1]
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure;
All in a robe of darkest grain,[2]
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole[3] of cypres[4] lawn
Over thy decent[5] shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till,
With a sad[6] leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,

[1] See *Hyperion* (Part II).

[2] Purple. *Granum* meant first "seed," then the dried body of the *coccus* (a kind of cochineal), then the dyes made from it, then the dyes called "Tyrian purple."

[3] Here, probably, hood or veil.

[4] Crape. [5] Comely. [6] Fixed.

Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed[1] oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

[1] The nightingale is said to sing on the same tree for weeks together. See *Romeo and Juliet*, III. v. 1.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes,[1] or unsphere[2]
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those dæmons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous[3] Tragedy
In sceptred pall[4] come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes,[5] or Pelops'[5] line,
Or the tale of Troy[5] divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd[6] stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus[7] from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,

[1] The Egyptian Thoth, identified with Hermes as "Hermes Trismegistus" (thrice-great) being Prophet, Sage, and King. Many philosophical works were attributed to him.

[2] *i.e.* Bring him down from where he lives—

"Ensphered
"In regions mild of calm and serene air."

[3] Tragedy had to do with exalted themes and personages.

[4] Lat. *palla*, the outer garment.

[5] The three favourite subjects of Greek Tragedy.

[6] The buskin was the high-heeled boot (Lat. *cothurnus*) worn by tragic actors.

[7] A Thracian bard, said to be the son of Orpheus.

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride![1]
And if aught else great bards[2] beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear!
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited[3] Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced[4] as she was wont
With the Attic Boy[5] to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud
While rocking winds are piping loud;
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops[6] from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,

[1] See Chaucer's unfinished *Squire's Tale.*
[2] Ariosto, Tasso, Spenser.
[3] Sober-suited.
[4] Curled.
[5] Cephalus, beloved by the Dawn.
[6] Drops falling minute by minute.

Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt
There in close covert by some brook
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort [1] as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,[2]
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

[1] "An erroneous representation of French *concert*, Italian *concerto*."—*Murray's Dictionary*.

[2] In its full sense, of a condition of mind which has lost all consciousness of self and of external objects.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell;
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

J. MILTON [1]

30.—FLUSH OR FAUNUS?

YOU see this dog; it was but yesterday
I mused forgetful of his presence here
Till thought on thought drew downward tear on tear:
When from the pillow where wet-cheeked I lay
A head as hairy as Faunus thrust its way
Right sudden against my face, two golden-clear
Great eyes astonished mine, a drooping ear
Did flap me on either cheek to dry the spray!
I started first as some Arcadian
Amazed by goatly god in twilight grove,
But as the bearded vision closelier ran
My tears off, I knew Flush, and rose above
Surprise and sadness,—thanking the true Pan
Who by low creatures leads to heights of love.

E. B. BROWNING

[1] See note 1, p. 28.

31.—THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word cam' to the carline[1] wife,
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word cam' to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fish be in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons cam' hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.[2]

It neither grew in syke[3] nor ditch,
Nor yet in any sheugh;[4]
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.

[1] Old peasant-woman.
[2] Birch.
[3] Marsh.
[4] Trench.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle round about,
Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray:—
The eldest to the youngest said
"'Tis time we were away.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin'[1] worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide."

"Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes
She'll go mad ere it be day.

"Our mother has nae mair but us;
See where she leans asleep;
The mantle that was on herself
She has happed it round our feet."

O it's they have ta'en up their mother's mantle,
And they've hung it on a pin;
"O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantle,
Ere ye hap us again!

[1] Fretting.

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre![1]
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!"

OLD BALLAD

32.—EPITAPH ON A CHILD

HERE lies, within a cabinet of stone,
The dear remainder of a pretty one,
Who did in wit his years so far outpass,
His parents' wonder and their joy he was,
And by his face you might have deemèd him
To be on earth some heavenly cherubim.[2]
Six years with life he laboured, then deceased
To keep the sabbath of eternal rest;
So that, which many thousand able men
Are labouring for till threescore years and ten,
This blessèd child attainèd to ere seven,
And now enjoys it with the saints of Heaven.

G. WITHER

33.—TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant[3] to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

[1] Stable.

[2] The plural form *cherubim* (or more frequently *cherubin*) is often used as a singular by early writers.

[3] Champion, witness.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see:
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress-tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

R. HERRICK

34.—"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE[1]"

WHAT is our life? a play of passion;[2]
Our mirth? the music of division:[3]
Our mothers' wombs the tiring-houses be,
Where we are drest for this short comedy;
Heaven the judicious sharp spectator is,
That sits and marks whoe'er doth act amiss;
Our graves, that hide us from the searching sun,
Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
Thus march we playing to our latest rest:
Only we die in earnest,—that's no jest.

W. RALEIGH

35.—HESTER[4]

WHEN Maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavour.
A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate

[1] From a song-book published in 1612. There are other versions.

[2] In allusion to the Passion Plays.

[3] Airs with variations: probably played as interludes.

[4] Hester Savory, married eight months before her death to C. S. Dudley.

Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.
I know not by what name beside
I shall it call; if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool:
But she was trained in Nature's school;
Nature had blest her.
A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind:
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,—
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet?—as heretofore,
Some summer morning,
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away;
A sweet fore-warning!

C. LAMB

36.—ON A DAY, ALACK THE DAY!

ON a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air;

Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wished himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were,
And deny himself[1] for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

W. SHAKSPEARE

37.—A FRAGMENT

GANE were but the winter cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where primroses blaw.

Cauld's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death's at my e'en,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear,
I'll meet them baith in heaven
At the spring o' the year.

A. CUNNINGHAM

[1] Deny that he is.

38.—GOLDEN APPLES

(From "Hesperides")

I.—Sweetness in Sacrifice

'Tis not greatness they require,
To be offered up with fire:
But 'tis sweetness that doth please
Those Eternal Essences.

II.—Love, what it is

Love is a circle, that doth restless move
In the same sweet eternity of Love.

III.—Adversity

Adversity hurts none, but only such
Whom whitest Fortune dandled hath too much.

IV.—Nothing Free-cost

Nothing comes free-cost here: Jove will not let
His gifts go from him, if not bought with sweat.

V.—The Crowd and Company

In holy meetings, there a man may be
One of the crowd, not of the company.

VI.—Living and Lasting

He lives, who lives to virtue; men who cast
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.

VII.—Upon Tears

Tears, though they're here below the sinner's brine,
Above, they are the angels' spicèd wine.

VIII.—Regression spoils Resolution

Hast thou attempted greatness? then go on:
Back-turning slackens resolution.

IX.—Fame

Brave men can't die: whose candid[1] actions are
Writ in the poets' endless calendar;
Whose vellum and whose volume is the sky,
And the pure stars the praising poetry.

R. Herrick

39.—HIS MISTRESS' FACE

And would you see my mistress' face?
It is a flowery garden place,
Where knots of beauties have such grace
That all is work,[2] and nowhere space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,
Where day is breeding, never born;
It is a meadow, yet unshorn,
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

[1] White, dazzling.

[2] *i.e.* Knot-work. Knots were the flower-beds of Elizabethan gardens, fantastically arranged in patterns, and so crowded that there was little room for anything else.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth ;
It is the feigned Elysium's truth ;
The Spring, that wintered hearts renew'th :
And this is that my soul pursu'th !

T. CAMPION

40.—SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S[1] DAY

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony[2]
This universal frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high :
"Arise, ye more than dead !"
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry[3]
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began :
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason[4] closing full in Man.

[1] The patron saint of Music.

[2] *i.e.* The harmony of Heaven, which preceded the harmony of the Universe. See Milton's *Nat. Ode*, st. 12, and *P. L.*, v. 619.

[3] The germs of the four Elements :—

"Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mixt."
P. L., ii. 912.

[4] Octave. Man completes the harmony of Creation.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell [1]
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well,
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!"

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion
For the fair disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?

[1] The lyre, originally made of a tortoise-shell.

Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place
Sequacious of[1] the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her[2] organ vocal breath was given
An angel heard, and straight appeared—
Mistaking Earth for Heaven!

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So, when the last and dreadful hour
This trembling pageant shall devour,
The Trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.[3]

J. DRYDEN

41. GLEN-ALMAIN; OR THE NARROW GLEN

IN this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the narrow glen;
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one:

[1] Following.

[2] A late tradition makes Cecilia the inventor of the organ.

[3] As the "music of the spheres" was brought into being by a higher Music, so a higher Music will at last destroy it.

He sang of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully been laid at last
Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled;
In some complaining, dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet:
But this is calm; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed?
Or is it but a groundless creed?
What matters it?—I blame them not
Whose fancy in this lovely spot
Was moved; and in such way expressed
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A convent, even a Hermit's cell,
Would break the silence of this dell;
It is not quiet, it is not ease,
But something deeper far than these:
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead:
And therefore was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race,
Lies buried in this lonely place.

W. WORDSWORTH

42.—ON LEONARDI DA VINCI'S "VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS"

WHILE young John runs to greet
The greater Infant's feet,
The Mother standing by, with trembling passion
Of devout admiration,
Beholds the engaging mystic play, and pretty adoration;
Nor knows as yet the full event
Of those so low beginnings,
From whence we date our winnings,
But wonders at the intent
Of those new rites, and what that strange child-worship meant.
But at her side
An angel doth abide,
With such a perfect joy
As no dim doubts alloy,
An intuition,
A glory, an amenity,
Passing the dark condition
Of blind humanity,
As if he surely knew
All the blest wonder should ensue,
Or he had lately left the upper sphere,
And had read all the sovran schemes and divine riddles there.

C. LAMB

43.—TO HIS WIFE

(From "The Exequy")

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted.
My last good-night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake,
Till age or grief or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that narrow vale
And think not much of my delay:
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale.
Thus from the sun my bottom steers
And my day's compass downward bears;
Nor labour I to stem the tide
Through which to thee I gently glide.
'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.

But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.
The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive
The crime), I am content to live
Divided, but with half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

HENRY KING

44.—OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between:
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

R. BURNS

45.—TEARS, IDLE TEARS

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge,
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

TENNYSON

46.—ASTROPHEL [1]

I.—His Character

You knew, who knew not? Astrophel: [2]
(That I should live to say I knew
And have not in possession still!)
Things known permit me to renew
Of him: you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you hear, too much.

Within these woods of Arcady
His chief delight and pleasure took
And on the mountain Partheny,
Upon the crystal liquid brook,
The Muses met him every day
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended down the mount,
His personage seemed most divine;
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely cheerful eyne:
To hear him speak and sweetly smile
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books:

[1] The name of the first of a series of elegies on Sir P. Sidney, to which Spenser and others contributed. The selection here given includes the more striking stanzas of the more striking poems.

[2] Star-lover, in allusion to Stella. See p. 75.

I trow that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was never eye did see that face,
Was never ear did hear that tongue,
Was never mind did mind his grace,
That ever thought the travail long ;
But eyes and ears and every thought
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

Above all others this is he
Which erst approvèd in his song
That love and honour might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints ! it is no sin or blame
To love a man of virtuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breathe
In any mortal breast before ;
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A poet's brain with finer store :
He wrote of love with high conceit,
And beauty reared above her height.

M. Roydon

II.—His Death in Battle[1]

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Grief, sorrow, sickness, and base Fortune's might :
Thy rising day saw never woful night,
But passed with praise from off this worldly stage.

[1] Against the Spaniards, who were trying to relieve Zutphen.

Back to the camp by thee that day was brought,
First, thine own death ; and after, thy long fame ;
Tears to the soldiers ; the proud Castilians' shame ;
Virtue expressed, and honour truly taught.

What hath he lost that such great grace hath won ?
Young years for endless years, and hope unsure
Of Fortune's gifts for wealth that still shall dure :
O happy race, with so great praises run !

W. Raleigh

III.—The Grief of Stella [1]

His pallid face, impicturèd with death,
She bathèd oft with tears and drièd oft ;
And with sweet kisses sucked the wasting breath
Out of his lips, like lilies pale and soft ;
And oft she called to him, who answered nought,
But only by his looks did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret
And piteous moan the which she for him made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
At last, when pain his vital powers had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she stayèd not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste ;

[1] The Lady Penelope Devereux, whom Sidney had loved before her marriage with Lord Rich, and continued to love passionately till his death. She did not die, as in the poem, but lived to marry again.

Forthwith her ghost out of her corpse did flit,
And followèd her mate like turtle chaste:
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide
Which living were in love so firmly tied.

The Gods, which all things see, this same beheld
And, pitying this pair of lovers true,
Transformèd them, there lying on the field,
Into one flower[1] that is both red and blue:
It first grows red, and then to blue doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appears,
As fairly formed as any star in skies,
Resembling Stella in her freshest years,
Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes;
And all the day it standeth full of deow,[2]
Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow.

That herb of some *Starlight* is called by name;
Of others *Penthia*, though not so well:
But thou, wherever thou dost find the same,
From this day forth do[3] call it *Astrophel:*
And when so ever thou it up dost take,
Do[3] pluck it softly, for that shepherd's sake.

ED. SPENSER

[1] Probably one of the *Boragineæ*, whose flowers change from red to blue, and have a yellow star in the centre. The *Aster Tripolium* has also been suggested. See Spenser's *Daphnaida*:—

"Feed ye henceforth on bitter astrofell."

[2] Dew. [3] Here simply imperative, not emphatic.

IV.—His Reward

O Death, that hast us of such riches reft,
Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him, whose flower here left
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone?
Scarce like the shadow of that which he was:
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

But that immortal spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestial grace,
By sovran choice from th' heavenly quires select,
And lineally derived from angels' race,
O, what is now of it become aread:[1]
Ay me! can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah no! it is not dead, ne cannot die.
But lives for aye in blissful Paradise;
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie
In bed of lilies wrapt in tender wise;
And compassed all about with roses sweet
And dainty violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestial brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night,
And with strange notes, of him well understood,
Lull him asleep in ángelic delight;
Whilst in sweet dream to him presented be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine aspécts, appearing plain
And kindling love in him above all measure,
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling pain:

[1] Advise, inform (us).

For whatso goodly form he there doth see
He may enjoy, from jealous rancour free.

CLORINDA [1]

47.—AFTER THE BATTLE

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way
And lightnings showed the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimmed, for ever crossed,—
O who shall say what heroes feel
When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watched, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
O who would live a slave in this?

T. MOORE

[1] Mary, Countess of Pembroke, Sidney's sister. But it seems not improbable that Spenser personates her, as the style closely resembles his own.

48.—ASTROLOGY

(From "An Honest Man's Fortune")

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate:
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good, or ill,
Our fatal[1] shadows that walk by us still;
And when the stars are labouring, we believe
It is not that they govern, but they grieve
For stubborn ignorance: all things that are
Made for our general uses are at war;
Even we among ourselves, and from the strife
Our first unlike opinions get a life.

O man, thou image of thy Maker's good,
What canst thou fear when breathed into thy blood
His Spirit is that built thee? What dull sense
Makes thee suspect in need that providence?
Who made the morning, and who placed the light
Guide to thy labours? Who called up the night
And bade her fall upon thee like sweet showers
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers?
Who gave thee knowledge? Who so trusted thee
To let thee grow so near Himself, the tree?
Must He then be distrusted? shall His frame
Discourse with Him, why thus and thus I am?
He made the angels thine, thy fellows all;
Nay, even thy servants when devotions call:
O canst thou be so stupid, then, so dim,
To seek a saving influence, and lose Him?

[1] Fateful.

Can stars protect thee ; or can poverty,
Which is the light to Heaven, put out His eye ?
He is my star, in Him all truth I find,
All influence, all fate ; and when my mind
Is furnished with His fulness, my poor story
Shall outlive all their age and all their glory.

F. BEAUMONT

49.—I SAW MY LADY WEEP

I SAW my Lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advancèd so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep ;
Her face was full of woe.
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair
And passion wise ; tears, a delightful thing ;
Silence, beyond all speech or wisdom rare.
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show ! leave off in time to grieve.
Enough, enough ! Your joyful look excels.
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

ANON. (16th century)

50.—THE TWA CATS AND THE CHEESE

Twa cats anes on a cheese did light,
To which baith had an equal right;
But disputes, sic as aft arise,
Fell out in sharing o' the prize.
"Fair play!" said ane; "ye bite o'er thick;
Thae teeth o' yours gang wonder quick.
Let's part it; else, lang or the moon
Be changed, the kebbuck [1] will be doon!"
—But wha's to do't? They're parties baith;
An' ane may do the other skaith.
Sae wi' consent away they trudge,
An' laid the cheese before a judge:
A monkey, wi' a camsho [2] face,
Clerk to a justice o' the peace:
A judge he seemed in justice skilled.
When he his master's chair had filled,
Now umpire chosen for division,
Baith swore to stand by his decision.
Demure he looks: the cheese he pales;
He prives [3]—'tis guid; ca's for the scales;
His knife whops throw't; in twa it fell:
He puts ilk hauf in either shell.
Said he, "We'll truly weigh the case,
An' strictest justice shall ha' place!"
Then, lifting up the scales, he fand
The tane bang up, the other stand:
Syne out he took the heaviest hauf,
An' ate a noost on't quickly aff,
An' tried it syne: it now proved light.
"Friend cats," said he, "we'll do ye right!"

[1] Cheese. [2] Cross. [3] Tastes.

Then to the other hauf he fell,
An' laid till't teughly tooth an' nail,
Till weighed again it lightest proved.
The judge, wha this sweet process loved,
Still weighed the case, an' still ate on,
Till clients baith were weary grown:
An' tenting[1] how the matter went,
Cried "Come, come, Sir, we're baith content!"
"Ye fools!" quoth he; "an' justice too
Maun be content as weel as you!"
Thus grumbled they, then he went on,
Till baith the ha'ves were near-hand done.
Poor Pousies now the daffin[2] saw
O' gawn for nignies[3] to the law,
An' billed[4] the judge that he wad please
To gie them the remaining cheese.
To which his worship grave replied,
"The dues o' court maun first be paid.
Now justice pleased, what's to the fore
Will but right scrimply clear your score:
That's our decreet. Gae hame an' sleep,
An' thank us ye've win aff sae cheap!"

ALLAN RAMSAY

51.—THE QUESTION

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring,
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling

[1] Noticing. [2] Folly. [3] Trifles. [4] Petitioned.

Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it, and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers [1] and violets;
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi [2] of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxslips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower [3] that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind its playmate's voice it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-coloured May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt with white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,

[1] Anemones.

[2] Arcturus is the brightest star in the constellation *Boötes*.

[3] Uncertain: the most likely suggestions are "crown imperial," large campanula, and tulip. See *The Sensitive Plant*—

"The pied windflowers and the tulip tall."

Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it! O to whom?

P. B. SHELLEY

52.—A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
O, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,[1]
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

[1] The Haymarket, where hay used to be sold.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walked on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him;
The King (God bless him!) 'twould undo him
Should he go still so drest.

At course-a-park,[1] without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The Parson for him stayed:
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance), as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale[2]
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck:

[1] An old game. See W. Browne (*Britannia's Pastorals*)—
"He coursed a park with females fraught,
Which would not run except they might be caught."

[2] Whitsun-merrymaking: so, *bridal* (bride-ale).

And to say truth (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But O she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone),
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
(Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in Júly.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Passion o' me, how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride.

The business of the kitchen's great
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied:

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick:
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
And who could help it, Dick?

On the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again and sigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiss:
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst every woman wished her place,
And every man wished his.

J. SUCKLING

53.—A COUNTRY PARSON

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;[1]
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

[1] Position, not locality.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side:
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm:
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

O. GOLDSMITH

54.—A DREAM

I HEARD the dogs howl in the moonlight night ;
I went to the window to see the sight ;
All the Dead that ever I knew
Going one by one and two by two.

On they pass'd, and on they pass'd ;
Townsfellows all, from first to last ;
Born in the moonlight of the lane,
Quench'd in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates, marching as when we play'd
At soldiers once—but now more staid ;
Those were the strangest sight to me
Who were drown'd, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk ; bent and weak, too ;
Some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to ;
Some but a day in their churchyard bed ;
Some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd—where each seemed lonely,
Yet of them all there was one, one only,
Raised a head, or look'd my way ;
She linger'd a moment,—she might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face !
Ah, Mother dear, might I only place
My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,
While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest !

On, on, a moving bridge they made
Across the moon-stream, from shade to shade,
Young and old, women and men ;
Many long forgot, but remember'd then.

And first there came a bitter laughter;
A sound of tears the moment after;
And then a music so lofty and gay,
That every morning, day by day,
I strive to recal it if I may.

W. ALLINGHAM

55.—THE PRAISE OF VIRTUE

(FROM "THE MISTRESS OF PHILARETE")

THOUGH sometimes my song I raise
To unusèd heights of praise,
And break forth, as I shall please
Into strange hyperboles,
'Tis to show, conceit hath found
Worth beyond expression's bound.
Though her breath I do compare
To the sweet'st perfumes that are,
Or her eyes that are so bright
To the morning's cheerful light,
Yet I do it, not so much
To infer that she is such,
As to show that, being blest
With what merits name of best,
She appears more fair to me
Than all creatures else that be.
Her true beauty leaves behind
Apprehensions in my mind
Of more sweetness than all art
Or inventions can impart:
Thoughts too deep to be expressed,
And too strong to be suppressed.
Which oft raiseth my conceits
To so unbelievèd heights

That I fear some shallow brain
Thinks my Muses do but feign.
Sure, he wrongs them, if he do!
For, could I have reachèd to
So like strains as these you see,
Had there been no such as she?
Is it possible that I
Who scarce heard of poesy
Should a mere idea[1] raise
To as true a pitch of praise
As the learned poet could
Now, or in the times of old,
All those real beauties bring,
Honoured by the sonneting;
Having arts and favours too
More to encourage what they do?
No: if I had never seen
Such a beauty, I had been
Piping in the country shades
To the homely dairy maids
For a country fiddler's fees,
Clouted cream, and bread and cheese!
I no skill in numbers had
More than every shepherd's lad,
Till she taught me strains that were
Pleasing to her gentle ear.
Her fair splendour and her worth
From obscureness drew me forth,
And because I had no Muse,
She herself deigned to infuse
All the skill by which I climb
To these praises in my rime.

G. WITHER

[1] Perhaps in allusion to Drayton's *Idea*, a series of sixty-three Sonnets to a real or imaginary Love.

56.—TWO SONGS OF PARTING

I

WE must not part, as others do,
With sighs and tears, as we were two:
Though with these outward forms we part,
We keep each other in our heart:
What search hath found a being,[1] where
I am not, if that thou be there?

True Love hath wings, and can as soon
Survey the world as sun and moon,
And everywhere our triumphs keep
O'er absence, which makes others weep:
By which alone a power is given
To live on earth as they in heaven.

II

O that this last farewell
Could from my lips more gently part;
And were not such a deadly spell
As, spoken, it must break my heart!

Or that the clue of love
By her unkindness were so worn
As heart from heart might, hurtless, move
And neither in themselves be torn!

But never fear[2] her heart!
In that it has not wrought so deep;
For though to me the word *depart*
Be death, to her it is but sleep.

ANON. (17th cent.)

[1] State. [2] Fear for.

57.—THE DANCE OF DEATH [1]

("CHANT ROYAL," AFTER HOLBEIN)

"Contra vim Mortis
Non est medicamen in hortis."

HE is the despot's Despot. All must bide,
Later or soon, the message of his might;
Princes and potentates their heads must hide,
Touched by the awful sigil [2] of his right;
Beside the Kaiser he at eve doth wait
And pours a potion in his cup of state;
The stately Queen his bidding must obey;
No keen-eyed Cardinal shall him affray;
And to the Dame that wantoneth he saith—
"Let be, Sweetheart, to junket and to play . . ."
There is no king more terrible than Death.

The lusty Lord, rejoicing in his pride,
He draweth down; before the armèd Knight
With jingling bridle-rein he still doth ride;
He crosseth the strong Captain in the fight;
The Burgher grave he beckons from debate;
He hales the Abbot by his shaven pate,
Nor for the Abbess' wailing will delay;
No bawling Mendicant shall say him nay;
E'en to the pyx the Priest he followeth,
Nor can the Leech his chilling finger stay . . .
There is no king more terrible than Death.

All things must bow to him. And woe betide
The Wine-bibber,—the Roisterer by night;

[1] See, for illustrations of the *Dance of Death*, Prof. Morley's *Shorter English Poems* (Cassell).
[2] Seal.

Him the Feast-master, many bouts defied,
Him 'twixt the pledging and the cup shall smite:
Woe to the Lender at usurious rate,
The hard Rich Man, the hireling Advocate;
Woe to the Judge that selleth right for pay;
Woe to the Thief that like a beast of prey
With creeping tread the traveller harryeth:—
These, in their sin, the sudden sword shall slay . . .
There is no king more terrible than Death.

He hath no pity,—nor will be denied.
When the low hearth is garnishèd and bright,
Grimly he flingeth the dim portal wide,
And steals the Infant in the mother's sight;
He hath no pity for the scorned of fate:—
He spares not Lazarus lying at the gate,
Nay, nor the Blind that stumbleth as he may;
Nay, the tired Ploughman,—at the sinking ray,
In the last furrow,—feels an icy breath,
And knows a hand hath turned the team astray . . .
There is no king more terrible than Death.

He hath no pity: for the new-made Bride,
Blithe with the promise of her life's delight,
That wanders gladly by her Husband's side,
He with the clatter of his drum doth fright;
He scares the Virgin at the convent grate,
The Maid half-won, the Lover passionate.
He hath no grace for weakness or decay:
The tender Wife, the Widow bent and gray,
The feeble Sire whose footstep faltereth,—
All these he leadeth by the lonely way . . .
There is no king more terrible than Death.

ENVOY

Youth, for whose ear and monishing of late
I sang of Prodigals and lost estate,
Have thou thy joy of living and be gay;
But know not less that there must come a day,—
Aye, and perchance e'en now it hasteneth,—
When thine own heart shall speak to thee and say,—
There is no king more terrible than Death.

AUSTIN DOBSON

58.—A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea-stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that:
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,[1] ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that;

[1] Smart fellow.

Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof[1] for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's abune his might,
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree,[2] and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that;
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

R. BURNS

59.—CHARGE OF ARIEL TO THE SYLPHS

YE Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear:
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aërial kind:

[1] Fool. [2] Come off victor.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets though the boundless sky;
Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,—
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care:
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day, black omens threat the brightest Fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care:
Some dire disaster, or by force or flight;
But what or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;

Or whether heaven has doomed that Shock [1] must
fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a rivel'd [2] flower:
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

A. POPE

60.—THE GARDEN [3]

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,

[1] The lady's lap-dog.
[2] Wrinkled: connected with *shrivel*.
[3] The version here followed is that of Arber, who copies from the edition of 1681.

And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergéd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid,
While all flowers and all trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow:
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name;
Little, alas! they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed!
Fair trees, wheresoe'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods that mortal beauty chase
Still in a tree did end their race:
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness;—
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find:
Yet it creates, transcending these,
For other worlds and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs [1] its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state
While man there walked without a mate!
After a place so pure and sweet
What other help could yet be meet?
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises 'twere in one
To live in paradise alone.

[1] Plumes.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new,
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

A. MARVELL

61.—TO TIME

ETERNAL TIME! that wastest without waste,
That art, and art not,—diest and livest still;
Most slow of all, and yet of greatest haste;
Both ill and good, and neither good nor ill:
How can I justly praise thee, or dispraise?
Dark are thy nights, but bright and clear thy days.

Both free and scarce, thou givest and takest again.
Thy womb, that all doth breed, is tomb to all;
What so by thee hath life by thee is slain;
From thee do all things rise, to thee they fall:
Constant, inconstant; moving, standing still;
Was, *is*, *shall be*, do thee both breed and kill.

I lose thee, while I seek to find thee out;
The farther off, the more I follow thee;
The faster hold, the greater cause of doubt;
Was, *is*, I know; but *shall* I cannot see:
All things by thee are measured, thou by none;
All are in thee; thou in thyself alone.

A. W.[1] (*cir.* 1600)

[1] The owner of these initials has never been discovered.

62.—THE ARMADA

A Fragment

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,[1]
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay:
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,[2]
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun, was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

[1] June 19 (old style), 1588. [2] Alderney.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old
sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him
sound the drums ;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear
an ample space ;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of
Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance
the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon
swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient
crown,[1]
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay
Lilies down !
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that
famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's
eagle shield ;[2]
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he
turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the
princely hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight : ho !
scatter flowers, fair maids :
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants,
draw your blades :

[1] A *crowned* lion, supporting the shield on which the English and French arms were quartered, seems to have been first introduced by Henry VIII., and was retained by Elizabeth.

[2] In allusion to the King of Bohemia, the Genoese archers, and the King of the Romans, who fought in the Battle of Creci.

Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye breezes, waft her wide ;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM,[1] the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold ;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves :
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves !
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew :
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.

[1] Queen Elizabeth's motto.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang
out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton Down :
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into
the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of
blood-red light,
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-
like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal
city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her
reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud
the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back
a louder cheer ;
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush
of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed
down each roaring street :
And broader still became the blaze, and louder
still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came
spurring in :
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the
warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant
squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those
bright couriers forth ;

High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

* * * * MACAULAY

63.—NOVEMBER IN LONDON

No sun—no moon—
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—

No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any row—
No indications where the crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for shewing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go"—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees—
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no trees—
November!

T. Hood

64.—HOW DO I LOVE THEE

From the Portuguese[1]

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

[1] Under this thin disguise Mrs. Browning concealed the authorship of some of her most beautiful sonnets.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

E. B. BROWNING

65.—THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T. C.

IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS

SEE! with what simplicity
This Nymph begins her golden days.
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flowers, and gives them names;
But only with the roses plays,
And them does tell
What colour best becomes them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
This Darling of the Gods was born?
Yet this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke and ensigns torn.
Happy who can
Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

O then let me in time compound,
And parley with those conquering eyes

Ere they have tried their force to wound;
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise!
Let me be laid
Where I may see the glories from some shade!

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the Spring!
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
And roses of their thorns disarm;
But most procure
That violets may a longer age endure!

But O, young Beauty of the woods!
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flowers,
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds!
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Should quickly make the example yours;
And, ere we see,
Nip in the blossom all our hopes in thee.

A. MARVELL

66.—PARTED

WHEN I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie
How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

OLD SONG

67.—HIGH COMMUNINGS

(FROM "CHARITY")

WHEN one that holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.

So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvas furled,
In some safe haven of our western world,
'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went:
The gale informs us laden with the scent.

W. COWPER

68.—A WOOD PATH

(FROM "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND")

THE path through which that lovely twain
Have passed, by cedar, pine, and yew,
And each dark tree that ever grew,
Is curtained out from heaven's wide blue;
Nor sun nor moon nor wind nor rain

Can pierce its interwoven bowers,
Nor aught save where some cloud of dew
Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze
Between the trunks of the hoar trees,
Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers
Of the green laurel blown anew ;
And bends, and then fades silently,
One frail and fair anemone ;
Or when some star, of many a one
That climbs and wanders through steep night,
Has found the cleft through which alone
Beams fall from high those depths upon,
Ere it is borne away, away,
By the swift heavens that cannot stay,
It scatters drops of golden light,
Like lines of rain that ne'er unite :
And the gloom divine is all around,
And underneath is the mossy ground.

There the voluptuous nightingales
Are awake through all the broad noonday.
When one with bliss or sadness fails,
And through the windless ivy-boughs,
Sick with sweet love, droops dying away
On its mate's music-panting bosom ;
Another, from the swinging blossom
Watching to catch the languid close
Of the last strain, then lifts on high
The wings of the weak melody,
Till some new strain of feeling bear
The song, and all the woods are mute ;
When there is heard through the dim air
The rush of wings, and rising there
Like many a lake-surrounded flute,

Sounds overflow the listener's brain
So sweet, that joy is almost pain.

P. B. SHELLEY

69.—THE PRAISE OF DANCING

(FROM "ORCHESTRA")

DANCING (bright lady) then began to be
When the first seeds whereof the world did spring—
The fire, air, earth, and water—did agree,
By Love's persuasion, Nature's mighty king,
To leave their first disordered combating,
And in a dance such measure to observe
As all the world their motion should preserve.

Since when they still are carried in a round,
And changing come one in another's place;
Yet do they neither mingle nor confound,
But every one doth keep the bounded space
Wherein the dance doth bid it turn or trace:
This wondrous miracle did Love devise,
For dancing is Love's proper exercise.

First you see fixed in this huge mirror blue
Of trembling Lights a number numberless;
Fixed they are named, but with a name untrue,
For they are moved and in a dance express
That great long year that doth contain no less
Than threescore hundreds of those years in all
Which the Sun makes with his course natural.

Under that spangled sky, five wandering Flames,
Besides the King of Day and Queen of Night,
Are wheeled around, all in their sundry frames,[1]
And all in sundry measures do delight,
Yet altogether keep no measure right:
For by itself, each doth itself advance,
And by itself, each doth a galliard[2] dance.

For that brave Sun, the father of the Day,
Doth love this Earth, the mother of the Night,
And, like a reveller in rich array,
Doth dance his galliard[2] in his leman's sight:
Both back and forth and sideways passing light,
His princely grace doth so the gods amaze,
That all stand still and at his beauty gaze.

But see the Earth, when he approacheth near,
How she for joy doth spring and sweetly smile;
But see again her sad and heavy cheer
When changing places he retires a while:
But those black clouds he shortly will exile,
And make them all before his presence fly
As mists consumed before his cheerful eye.

Who doth not see the measures of the Moon,
Which thirteen times she danceth every year?
And ends her pavin[3] thirteen times as soon
As doth her brother, of whose golden hair
She borroweth part and proudly doth it wear;

[1] The "frames" or spheres of the Ptolemaic system were those of the *Moon*, *Mercury*, *Venus*, the *Sun*, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, and the *Fixed Stars*. The larger and more distant the sphere, the slower also its motion.

[2] A lively dance, from Fr. *gai*.

[3] A stately dance, from Ital. *pavo*, peacock.

Then doth she coyly turn her face aside,
That half her cheek is scarce sometimes descried.

And now behold your tender nurse the Air,
And common neighbour that aye runs around;
How many pictures and impressions fair
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your senses dancing doth propound!
For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,
But dancings of the Air in sundry kinds?

Hence is her prattling daughter Echo born,
That dances to all voices she can hear:
There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,
Nor any time wherein she will forbear
The airy pavement with her feet to wear;
And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth every trick.

And thou, sweet Music, dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Lodestone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech!
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones canst teach,
That when the Air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born the gods' and men's sweet pleasure.

If then fire, air, wandering and fixèd lights,
In every province of the imperial sky,
Yield perfect forms of dancing to your sights,
In vain I teach the ear that which the eye
With certain view already doth descry:
But, for your eyes perceive not all they see,
In this I will your senses' master be.

For lo! the Sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand:
For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the Moon, and on her fixèd fast:
And as she danceth in her pallid sphere,
So danceth he about the centre here.

Sometimes his proud green waves in order set
One after other flow unto the shore,
Which when they have with many kisses wet,
They ebb away in order as before:
And, to make known his courtly love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-forked mace,
And with his arms the timorous Earth embrace.

See how those flowers that have sweet beauty too,
(The only jewel that the Earth doth wear
When the young Sun in bravery her doth woo)
As oft as they the whistling wind do hear,
Do wave their tender bodies here and there:
And though their dance no perfect measure is,
Yet oftentimes their music makes them kiss.

What makes the vine about the elm to dance
With turnings, windings, and embracements round?
What makes the lodestone to the north advance
His subtle point as if from thence he found
His chief attracting virtue to redound?
Kind Nature first doth cause all things to love:
Love makes them dance and in just order move.

Lo! this is Dancing's true nobility:
Dancing, the child of Music and of Love:
Dancing, itself both love and harmony,

Where all agree and all in order move :
Dancing, the art that all arts do approve :
The fair character of the world's consent,
The Heavens' true figure, and th' Earth's ornament.

J. DAVIES

70.—ON COMO

Is it the dusk, with the pale moon crowned,
That fills the silence, or some strange bliss
Half pain? The dusk, or a vague delight
And a vaguer sorrow : that make no sound,
But fold me close as a mother's kiss
Where I lean and look over the lake to-night?

The day's hard limit of earth and heaven
Is dimmed, and the blue is a holier gray :
For the night hath woven a luminous pall
Of the moon and the mist, and hues are given
More shadowy fair than the hues of day
Where the folds of its softness gleaming fall.

It grows : till the lake is the mystic tide
Of poet and seer, and I look from its edge,
From the desolate margin of Time and Dreams,
To a shore's dim beauty by souls descried
Through the mists of half-dropped tears : a pledge
From the heavenly world to the world that seems.

O vastness hid in a poor hour's space!
O Earth, new-born with a birth divine!
Methinks, if the spell could last, even I

Should drain the cup and achieve the grace,
And speak to the soul that speaks to mine
From the night, and the depth, and the infinite
sky!

It will pass, too soon, with the common day:
Earth will be solid, the waters blue;
I shall smile at the fancies that stirred my brain
As I leaned o'er the boat's edge into the gray;
And sense and seeming will forge anew
Their chains; and life will be prose again.

But a time will come, when the tumult dies,
And memory stirs 'twixt the dark and light,
That my soul will awake to the wakening stream,
Or a touch, or the look in a child's soft eyes,
And know of a truth, as it knows to-night,
That this was the vision; the rest, a dream.

ANON.

71.—TO A DEAD FRIEND

AMID the ice of the far Northern Sea,
A star about the Arctic circle may
Than ours yield clearer light, yet that but shall
Serve at the frozen pilot's funeral.
Thou, brightest constellation! to this main
Which all we sinners traffic on, didst deign
The bounty of thy fire, which with so clear
And constant beams did our frail vessels steer
That safely we, what storm so e'er bore sway,
Passed o'er the rugged alps of th' angry sea.

W. HABINGTON

72.—CUPID AND CAMPASPE

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple on his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes:
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

J. LYLY

73.—SONNETS

I

HOW soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.[1]
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,

[1] He had already written the Nativity Ode, Vacation Exercise, etc., but regarded these earlier efforts as "harsh and crude." See *Lycidas* (Part II).

It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Tow'rd which time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is,[1] if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

II

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

J. MILTON

74.—THE BANKS O' DOON[2]

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

[1] *i.e.* All that matters is. So in *Hamlet:* "the readiness *is all.*"

[2] The original version.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

R. BURNS

75.—THE KINGDOM OF PLUTO

(FROM THE "INDUCTION TO THE MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES")

THENCE come we to the horror and the hell,
The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign
Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell,
The wide waste places, and the hugy plain,
The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,
The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan;
Earth, air and all, resounding plaint and moan.

Here puled the babes, and here the maids unwed
With folded hands their sorry chance bewailed;

Here wept the guiltless slain, and lovers dead
That slew themselves when nothing else availed:
A thousand sorts of sorrows here, that wailed
With sighs and tears, sobs, shrieks, and all yfere,[1]
That, O alas! it was a hell to hear.

We staid us straight, and with a rueful fear
Beheld this heavy sight; while from mine eyes
The vapoured tears down stillèd here and there,
And Sorrow eke in far more woful wise
Took on with plaint, upheaving to the skies
Her wretched hands; that with her cry the rout
'Gan all in heaps to swarm us here about.

"Lo here," quoth Sorrow, "princes of renown,
That whilom sat on top of Fortune's wheel,
Now laid full low, like wretches whirlèd down
Even with one frown, that staid but with a smile:
And now behold the thing that thou, erewhile,
Saw only in thought; and what thou now shalt
hear
Recount the same to kesar,[2] king and peer.

T. SACKVILLE (LORD BUCKHURST)

76.—THE POET IN WAR-TIME

(FROM "THE BIGLOW PAPERS")

TIME wuz, the rhymes come crowdin' thick
Ez office-seekers arter 'lection,
An' into ary place 'ould stick
Without no bother nor objection:

[1] Together.
[2] Emperor, from *Cæsar:* so Ger. *Kaiser.*

But sence the war my thoughts hang back
Ez though I wanted to enlist 'em;
An' subs'tutes,—*they* don't never lack,
But then they'll slope afore you've mist 'em.

Nothin' don't seem like wut it wuz:
I can't see wut there is to hender,
An' yit my brains jes' go buzz, buzz,
Like bumblebees agin a winder.
'Fore these times come, in all airth's row,
Ther' wuz one quiet place, my head in,
Where I could hide an' think,—but now
It's all one teeter,[1] hopin', dreadin'.

Where's Peace? I start, some clear-blown night,
When gaunt stone walls grow numb an' number,
An', creakin' 'cross the snow-crus' white,
Walk the col' starlight into summer:
Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell
Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer
Than the last smile thet strives to tell
O' love gone heavenward in its shimmer.

I hev ben gladder o' sech things
Than cocks o' Spring or bees o' clover;
They filled my heart with livin' springs:
But now they seem to freeze 'em over.
Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

Indoors an' out by spells I try:
Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel goin',

[1] Suspense.

But leaves my natur' stiff and dry
  Ez fiels o' clover arter mowin';
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
  Calmer 'n a clock, and never carin',
An' findin' nary thing to blame,
  Is wus than ef she took to swearin'.

Snow-flakes come whisperin' on the pane,—
  The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant,—
But I can't hark to wut they're say'n',
  With Grant or Sherman ollers present:
The chimbleys shudder in the gale,
  Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flappin'
Like a shot hawk; but all's ez stale
  To me ez so much sperit-rappin'.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
  When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
  The baskin' west-wind purr contented,
While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
  Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
  Further an' further south retreatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain
  An' see a hundred hills like islans
Lift their blue woods in broken chain
  Out o' the sea o' snowy silence:
The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,
  Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin',
Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth
  Of empty places set me thinkin'.

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin' snows,
An' rattles di'mons from his granite:
Time wuz, he snatched away my prose,
An' into psalms or satires ran it;
But he, nor all the rest thet once
Started my blood to country-dances,
Can't set me goin' more 'n a dunce
Thet hain't no use for dreams an' fancies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
Thet follered once, an' now are quiet,—
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't,
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?
I set an' look into the blaze
Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin',
Ez long'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventur'd life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

T'ain't right to hev the young go fust,
All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
To try an' make b'lieve fill their places.
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss!
Ther's gaps our lives can't never fay[1] in;
And *thet* world seems so fur from this
Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

* * * *

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
For honour lost an' dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!
Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
An' step that proves ye Victory's daughter!
Longin' for you, our sperits wilt[2]
Like shipwrecked men's on rafs for water.

Come, while our country feels the lift
Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,
An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
That tarries long in hans o' cowards!
Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,
An' bring fair wages for brave men,—
A nation saved, a race delivered!

J. R. LOWELL

[1] Fit. [2] Droop.

77.—LOVE'S GROWTH

I SCARCE believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was;
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude and season, as the grass:
Methinks I lied all Winter, when I swore
My love was infinite, if Spring make 't more.

* * * *

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the Spring is grown;
As in the firmament,
Stars by the sun are not enlarged, but shown:[1]
Gentle love-deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From love's awakened root do bud out now.

J. DONNE

78.—FLOWERS FOR THE WEDDING OF THAME AND ISIS

(FROM "POLYOLBION")

THE Naiads and the Nymphs extremely over-joyed,
And on the winding banks all busily employed,
Upon this joyful day some dainty chaplets twine;
Some others, chosen out, with fingers neat and fine
Brave anadems[2] do make; some baldrics[3] up do bind:

[1] All stars were supposed to derive their light from the sun. See *Paradise Lost*, vii. 364, 365.

[2] Orig. headbands; so, wreaths. [3] Belts, necklaces.

Some, garlands ; and to some the nosegays were assigned :
As best their skill did serve. But for that Thame should be
Still man-like as himself, therefore they will that he
Should not be drest with flowers to gardens that belong
(His bride that better fit), but only such as sprung
From the replenished meads and fruitful pastures near.
To sort which flowers, some sit ; some making garlands were ;
The primrose placing first because that in the Spring
It is the first appears, then only flourishing ;
The azured hare-bell [1] next with them they neatly mixed ;
To allay whose luscious smell they woodbind [2] placed betwixt.
Amongst those things of scent there prick they in the lily,
And near to that again her sister daffadilly.
To sort these flowers of show with t'other that were sweet
The cowslip then they couch, and the oxslip, for her meet ;
The columbine amongst they sparingly do set,
The yellow king-cup, wrought in many a curious fret,
And now and then among, of eglantine [3] a spray ;
By which again a course of lady-smocks [4] they lay ;
The crow-flower,[5] and thereby the clover-flower they stick,
The daisy over all those sundry sweets, so thick

[1] Wild hyacinth. [2] Honeysuckle. [3] Sweet briar.
[4] Cuckoo-flowers. [5] Ragged Robin.

As Nature doth herself; (to imitate her right,
Who seems in that her pearl so greatly to delight,
That every plain therewith she powdereth to behold;)
The crimson darnel flower, the blue-bottle,[1] and
gold;[2]
Which, though esteemed but weeds, yet for their
dainty hues
And for their scent not ill, they for this purpose
choose.
Thus having told you how the bridegroom
Thame was dressed,
I'll show you how the bride, fair Isis, they invest:
Sitting to be attired under her bower of state,
Which scorns a meaner sort than fits a princely
rate.
In anadems for whom they curiously dispose
The red, the dainty white, the goodly damask rose,
For the rich ruby, pearl and amethyst, men place
In kings' imperial crowns, the circle that enchase.
The brave carnation then, with sweet and sovereign
power,
(So of his colour called,[3] although a July-flower)[4]
With the other of his kind, the speckled and the
pale;
Then the odoriferous pink, that sends forth such a
gale

[1] Blue corn-flower.

[2] Corn-marigold.

[3] This is a mistake, the colour being named from the flower. Carnation is "coronation," from its use in garlands. So Spenser (*Shep. Cal.*)—

"Bring coronations and sops-in-wine."

[4] Gilliflower: a name given to various sweet-scented flowers, such as the carnation, wall-flower, etc.; from Fr. *giroflé*, clove.

Of sweetness, yet in scents as various as in sorts.
The purple violet then the pansy there supports ;
The marigold above to adorn the archèd bar ;
The double daisy, thrift, the button-bachelor,
Sweet-william, sops-in-wine,[1] the campion ; and to these
Some lavender they put, with rosemary and bays ;
Sweet marjoram with her like, sweet basil rare for smell,
With many a flower whose name were now too long to tell ;
And, rarely with the rest, the goodly flower-de-lis.[2]

M. DRAYTON

79.—WHEN THOU MUST HOME

WHEN thou must home, to shades of underground,
And, there arrived, a new admirèd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engird thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move :
Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,

[1] Clove-pinks, used for flavouring wine.

[2] The white iris. For some interesting information about Elizabethan flowers, see Canon Ellacombe's *Plant-Lore of Shakspeare*.

Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all those triumphs for thy beauty's sake.
When thou hast told those honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell! how thou didst murder me.

T. CAMPION

80.—BALLADE OF SLEEP

THE hours are passing slow,
I hear their weary tread
Clang from the tower, and go
Back to their kinsfolk dead.
Sleep! death's twin brother dread!
Why dost thou scorn me so?
The wind's voice overhead
Long wakeful here I know,
And music from the steep,
Where waters fall and flow.
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

All sounds that might bestow
Rest on the fevered bed,
All slumbrous sounds and low
Are mingled here and wed,
And bring no drowsihead.
Shy dreams flit to and fro
With shadowy hair dispread;
With wistful eyes that glow,
And silent robes that sweep.
Thou wilt not hear me; no?
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

What cause hast thou to show
Of sacrifice unsped?
Of all thy slaves below
I most have labourèd
With service sung and said;
Have culled such buds as blow,
Soft poppies white and red,
Where thy still gardens grow
And Lethe's waters weep.
Why, then, art thou my foe?
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

ENVOI

Prince, ere the dark be sped
By golden shafts, ere low
And long the shadows creep:
Lord of the wand of lead,
Soft-footed as the snow,
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

A. LANG

81.—THE PRAISE OF LETTERS

(FROM "MUSOPHILUS")

O BLESSED Letters, that combine in one
All ages past, and make One live with All!
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead-living unto council call;
By you the unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel, and what shall us befal.

Soul of the world, Knowledge! without thee
What hath the world that truly glorious is?
Why should our pride make such a stir to be,
To be forgot? what good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the world's delight?

Power above powers, O heavenly Eloquence!
That with the strong rein of commanding words
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their swords:
Shall we not offer to thy excellence
The richest treasure that our wit affords?

And as for Poesy, mother of this force,
That breeds, brings forth, and nourishes this might.
Teaching it in a loose, yet measured course,
With comely motions how to go upright,
And, fostering it with bountiful discourse,
Adorns it thus in fashions of delight;—

What should I say? Since it is well approved
The speech of Heaven, with whom they have commérce
That only seem out of themselves removed,
And do with more than human skills converse;
Those numbers wherewith Heaven and Earth are moved
Show, weakness speaks in prose, and power in verse.

S. DANIEL

82.—AULD ROBIN GRAY

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a croun he had naething else beside:
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stawn awa;
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, O marry me!"

My heart it said nay; I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to cry, "Wae's me!"?

My father urgit sair: my mother didna speak;
But she looked in my face till my heart was like
to break:
They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at
the sea;
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he—
Till he said, "I'm come hame to marry thee."

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and I bade him gang away:
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why was I born to say—"Wae's me!"

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

A. LINDSAY[1]

83. THE LAND OF DROWSIHEAD

(FROM "THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE")

IN lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;

[1] Afterwards Lady Anne Barnard.

And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne carèd even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,[1]
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets played
And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And, now and then, sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stockdoves plain amid the forest deep
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,

[1] Cast. So used by Spenser.

Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsihead it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

J. THOMSON

84.—ROSALYNDE'S MADRIGAL

LOVE in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet;
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast:
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton! will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night:
Strike I my lute he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing,
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton! still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence;
And bind you when you want to play,
For your offence:
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin.
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be!
Look in mine eyes: I like of thee.
O Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee!

T. LODGE

85.—CYNTHIA

(From the lost Poem "Cynthia," of which a Fragment has been lately recovered)

She is gone, she is lost, she is found, she is ever fair.
Sorrow draws weakly, where love draws not too:
Woe's cries sound nothing, but only in love's ear.
Do then by dying what life cannot do:
Unfold thy flocks and leave them to the fields,
To feed on hills or dales, where likes them best,
Of what the summer or the spring-time yields;
For love and time hath given thee leave to rest.

Thy heart which was their fold, now in decay
By often storms and winter's many blasts
All torn and rent, becomes misfortune's prey;
False hope my shepherd's staff (now age hath brast
My pipe, which Love's own hand gave my desire
To sing her praises and my woe upon)
Despair hath often threatened to the fire,
As vain to keep now all the rest are gone.

Thus home I draw, as death's long night draws on;
Yet every foot, old thoughts turn back mine eyes:
Constraint me guides, as old age draws a stone
Against the hill which over-weighty lies

For feeble arms or wasted strength to move ;
  My steps are backward, gazing on my loss,
My mind's affection and my soul's sole love,
  Not mixed with fancy's chaff or fortune's dross.

To God I leave it, Who first gave it me,
  And I her gave, and she returned again,
As it was hers ; so let His mercies be
  Of my last comforts the essential mean.
But be it so or not, the effects are past :
Her love hath end ; my woe must ever last.

W. RALEIGH

86.—WALY, WALY

O WALY, waly up the bank,
  O waly, waly, down the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn-side,
  Where I and my Love were wont to gae !
I leaned my back unto an aik,
  I thocht it was a trustie tree,
But first it bowed and syne it brak',—
  Sae my true[1] Love did lichtlie[2] me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie
  A little time while it is new !
But when it's auld it waxeth cauld,
  And fadeth awa' like the morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my heid,
  Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true Love has me forsook,
  And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

[1] Troth. [2] Make light of.

Noo Arthur's Seat sall be my bed,
The sheets sall ne'er be pressed by me;
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink;
Since my true Love's forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we cam' in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sight to see;
My Love was clad in the black velvet,
An' I mysel' in cramasie.[1]

But had I wist before I kissed
That love had been so ill to win,
I'd locked my heart in a case o' goud,
And pinned it wi' a silver pin.
And O! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gane
And the green grass growing over me!

OLD BALLAD

[1] Crimson cloth.

87.—AMORETTI

I

THE glorious portrait of that Angel's face
Made to amaze weak men's confusèd skill
And this world's worthless glory to embase,
What pen, what pencil can express her fill?
For though he colours could devise at will,
And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
Lest, trembling, it his workmanship should spill,
Yet many wondrous things there are beside:
The sweet eye-glances, that like arrows glide;
The charming smiles, that rob sense from the heart;
The lovely pleasaunce, and the lofty pride,
Cannot expressèd be by any art.
A greater craftsman's hand thereto doth need,
That can express the life of things indeed.

II

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheer,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it;
When on each eyelid sweetly do appear
An hundred graces as in shade to sit?
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fair sunshine in summer's day,
That, when a dreadful storm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray;
At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,

Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head.
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheered
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

III

Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty King,
In whose coat-armour [1] richly are displayed
All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayed :
Go to my love, where she is careless laid
Yet in her winter's bower, not well awake ;
Tell her the joyous Time will not be stayed
Unless she do him by the forelock take ;
Bid her therefore herself soon ready make
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew,
Where every one that misseth then her make
Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
Make haste therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime,
For none can call again the passèd time.

E. Spenser

88.—TO THE ROSE

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

[1] A surcoat, worn over the armour, and embroidered with heraldic devices.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
Who are so wondrous sweet and fair.

E. WALLER

89.—MY LOVE IS PAST

(FROM "THE PASSIONATE CENTURIE OF LOVE")

RESOLVED to dust intombed here lieth Love,
Through fault of her who here herself should lie:
He struck her breast, but all in vain did prove
To fire the ice; and doubting by and by
His brand had lost his force, he gan to try
Upon himself: which trial made him die.

In sooth no force;[1] let those lament who lust!
I'll sing a carol song for obsequy;
For towards me his dealings were unjust,

[1] Matter.

And cause of all my passed misery
The Fates, I think, seeing what I had past,
In my behalf wrought this revenge at last

But, somewhat more to pacify my mind
By doing him through whom I lived a slave,
I'll cast his ashes to the open wind,
Or write this epitaph upon his grave:
"Here lieth Love, of Mars the bastard son,
Whose foolish fault to death himself hath done."

T. WATSON

90.—A NORTHERN SPRING

Once git a smell o' musk into a draw,
An' it clings hold like precerdents in law:
Your grandmaam put it there,—when, goodness knows,
To jes' this worldify her Sunday clo'es;
But the old chest wun't sarve her gran'son's wife,
(For, 'thout new furnitoor, wut good in life?)
An' so ole clawfoot, from the preemiks dread
O' the spare chamber, slinks into the shed,
Where, dim with dust, it fust or last subsides
To holdin' seeds an' fifty things besides;
But better days stick fast in heart an' husk,
An' all you keep in't gits a scent o' musk.

Jes' so with poets: wut they've airly[1] read
Gits kind o' worked into their heart an' head,
So 's 't they can't seem to write but jest on sheers[2]
With furrin countries or played-out ideers,

[1] Early. [2] On a level.

Nor hev a feelin', ef it doosn't smack
O' wut some critter chose to feel 'way back.
This makes 'em talk o' daisies, larks, an' things,
Ez though we'd nothin' here that blows an' sings,—
(Why, I'd give more for one live bobolink [1]
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink :)—
This makes 'em think our fust o' May is May ;
Which t'ain't, for all the almanicks can say.

O little city-gals, don't never go it
Blind on the word o' noospaper or poet !
They're apt to puff, an' May-day seldom looks
Up in the country ez it doos in books :
They're no more like than hornets' nests an' hives,
Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.
I, with my trouses perched on cowhide boots,
Tuggin' my foundered feet out by the roots,
Hev seen ye come to fling on April's hearse
Your muslin nosegays from the milliner's,
Puzzlin' to find dry ground your queen to choose,
An' dance your throats sore in morocker shoes :
I've seen ye, an' felt proud, thet, come wut would,
Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardihood.
Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o' winch,
Ez though 't wuz sunthin' paid for by the inch ;
But yit we du contrive to worry thru,
Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing's to du,
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,
Ez steddily ez though 't wuz a redoubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know where to find
Some blooms thet make the season suit the mind,

[1] A song-bird and bird of passage. He migrates in July to the Southern States, where he is known as the rice-bird, from his depredations in the rice-fields.

An' seem to metch the doubtin' bluebird's[1] notes,—
Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,
Each on 'em 's cradle to a baby-pearl ;—
But these are jes' Spring's pickets ; sure ez sin,
The rebble frosts 'll try to drive 'em in ;
For half our May's so awfully like May n't,
'Twould rile a Shaker or an ev'rige saint :
Though I own up I like our back'ard Springs
Thet kind o' haggle with their greens an' things,
An' when you 'most give up, 'ithout more words
Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds :
Thet's Northern natur', slow an' apt to doubt,
But when it *doos* git stirred, ther's no gi'n' out !

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses,—
Queer politicians, though, for I'll be skinned
Ef all on 'em don't head against the wind.
'Fore long the trees begin to show belief ;
The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,
Then saffron swarms swing off from all the willers
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,
Then gray hosscheś'nuts leetle hands unfold
Softer'n a baby's be at three days old :
Thet's robin-redbreast's[2] almanick ; he knows
Thet arter this ther's only blossom-snows ;
So, choosin' out a handy crotch[3] and spouse,
He goes to plast'rin' his adobë[4] house.

[1] A song-bird, with bright blue back, about the size of a chaffinch.

[2] The American robin has no resemblance to ours but his red breast, and is considerably larger.

[3] Angle, fork of a tree.

[4] A sun-baked brick ; here, clay and straw.

Then seems to come a hitch,—things lag behind,
Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,
An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh their dams,
Heaped-up with ice thet dovetails in an' jams,
A leak comes spirtin' thru some pinhole cleft,
Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right an' left,
Then all the waters bow themselves an' come,
Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin' foam,
Jes' so our Spring gits everthin' in tune,
An' gives one leap from April into June.
Then all comes crowdin' in: afore you think,
Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods with pink:
The catbird[1] in the laylock[2]-bush is loud;
The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud;
Red cedars blossom tu, though few folks know it,
An' look all dipt in sunshine like a poet;
The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o' shade
An' drows'ly simmer with the bees' sweet trade;
In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hang-bird clings,
An' for the summer v'y'ge his hammock slings;
All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bowers
The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden flowers,
Whose shrinkin' hearts the school-gals love to try
With pins,—they'll worry yourn so, boys, bimeby!—
But I don't love your cat'logue style,—do you?—
Ez ef to sell off Natur' by vendoo;[3]
One word with blood in't 's twice ez good ez two:
'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the year,
Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here;

[1] A bird with a note like a cat's mew.
[2] Lilac.
[3] Public sale.

Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,
Or climbs aginst the breeze with quiverin' wings,
Or, givin' way to't in a mock despair,
Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air.

J. R. LOWELL

91.—TO ECHO

(FROM "COMUS")

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph, that livest unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad tale mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

J. MILTON

92.—SONG OF CALLICLES

(FROM "EMPEDOCLES ON ETNA")

THROUGH the black, rushing smoke-bursts
Thick breaks the red flame;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee.
But where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silvered inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice!

On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks,
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds
Soft lulled by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets
Asleep on the hills.

—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flowered broom?

What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.
—The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train?

They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode.

—Whose praise do they mention?
Of what is it told?—
What will be for ever;
What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father
Of all things; and then,
The rest of Immortals,
The action of men,

The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm.

M. ARNOLD

93.—TO HELEN [1]

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks [2] of yore

[1] Helen Stannard, the mother of a friend, his "one idolatrous and purely ideal love."

[2] Apparently the magic barks of the Pheacians, in one of which Odysseus was conveyed to Ithaca. (See *Odyssey*, Bk. xiii.) The only possible explanation of "Nicean" seems to be that the surname *Nice* (victory) was sometimes given to Athene, the protectress of Odysseus.

That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
To the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand—
Ah, Psyche! from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

E. A. Poe

94.—SONNETS

(From "Astrophel and Stella"[1])

I

Stella! the fulness of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be stayed within my panting breast;
But they do swell and struggle forth of me
Till that in words thy figure be expressed.
And yet as soon as they so formèd be
According to my lord Love's own behest,
With sad eyes I their weak proportion see
To portrait that which in this world is best:
So that I cannot choose but write my mind,
And cannot choose but put out what I write;

[1] See p. 73.

While these poor babes their death in birth do find.
And now my pen these lines had dashèd quite,
But that they stopped his fury from the same,
Because their forefront bare sweet Stella's name.

II

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's ease!
I read it in thy looks: thy languished grace,
To me that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

III

Come, Sleep, O Sleep! the certain knot of peace;
The baiting-place of wit; the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth; the prisoner's release;
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.
With shield of proof, shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw.
O make in me those civil wars to cease:
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,

A rosy garland and a weary head ;
And if these things, as being there by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

P. SIDNEY

95.—YOUTH AND AGE

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young !
When I was young ?—Ah, woful when !
Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along :
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide !
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.
Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
O the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty.
Ere I was old !
Ere I was old ? Ah woful Ere,
Which tells me Youth's no longer here !

O Youth! for years so many and sweet
'Tis known that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled:—
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but Thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
When we are old:
—That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismist,
Yet hath out-stayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

S. T. COLERIDGE

96.—ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A PARROT

THE Parrot, from East India to me sent,
Is dead: all fowls, her exequies frequent!
Go, godly birds, striking your breasts, bewail;
And with rough claws your tender cheeks assail!
For woful hairs let piece-torn plumes abound;
For long-shrill'd trumpets let your notes resound!
Why, Philomel, dost Tereus' lewdness mourn?
All-wasting years have that complaint now worn:
Thy tunes let this rare bird's sad funeral borrow
(Itys a great, but ancient cause of sorrow).
All you whose pinions in the clear air soar
But most, thou friendly Turtle-dove, deplore!
Full concord all your lives was you betwixt
And to the end your constant faith stood fixt:
What Pylades did to Orestes prove
Such to the Parrot was the Turtle-dove.
But what availed this faith? her rarest hue?
Or voice that how to change the wild notes knew?
What helps it thou wert given to please my wench?
Birds' hapless glory, death thy life doth quench!
Thou with thy quills mightst make green-emeralds dark,
And pass our scarlet of red saffron's [1] mark;
No such voice-feigning bird was on the ground,
Thou spok'st thy words so well with stammering sound.
Envy hath rapt thee: no fierce wars thou mov'dst;

[1] The safflower, or bastard saffron, cultivated in India and other countries for its red dye.

Vain-babbling speech and pleasant peace thou
lov'd'st.
Behold, how Quails among their battles live!
Which do perchance old age unto them give.
A little filled thee, and, for love of talk
Thy mouth to taste of many meats did balk,
Nuts were thy food, and poppy caused thee sleep;
Pure water's moisture thirst away did keep.
The ravenous Vulture lives; the Puttock hovers
Around the air; the Cadess[1] rain discovers;
And Crow survives arms-bearing Pallas' hate,
Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date:[2]
Dead is that speaking image of man's voice,
The Parrot given me, the far world's best choice.
The greedy Spirits take the best things first,
Supplying their void places with the worst:
Thersites did Protesilaus survive;
And Hector died, his brothers yet alive.
My wench's vows for thee what should I show,
Which stormy south winds into sea did blow?
The seventh day came; none following mightst
thou see;
And the Fate's distaff empty stood to thee.
Yet words in thy benumbèd palate rung;
"Farewell, Corinna!" cried thy dying tongue.
Elysium hath a wood of holm-trees black,
Whose earth doth not perpetual green grass lack.
There good birds rest (if we believe things hidden),

[1] Jackdaw.
[2] See Aristophanes (*Birds*)—

"Old proverbs affirm
That the final term
Of a raven's life exceeds the space
Of five generations of human race."

Whence unclean fowls are said to be forbidden.
There harmless Swans feed all abroad the river;
There lives the Phœnix, one alone bird ever.
There Juno's bird [1] displays his gorgeous feather,
And loving Doves kiss eagerly together.
The Parrot, into wood received with these
Turns all the godly birds to what she please.
A grave her bones hides: on her corpse' great grave
The little stones these little verses have:
"This tomb approves I pleased my mistress well;
My mouth in speaking did all birds excel."

C. MARLOWE

97.—EMPLOYMENT

HE that is weary, let him sit;
My soul would stir
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the fur
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire;
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When the elements did for place contest
With Him whose will
Ordained the highest to be best,
The earth sat still,
And by the others is opprest.

[1] The peacock.

Life is a business, not good cheer;
Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth there or here;
Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

O that I were an orange-tree,
That busy plant!
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for Him that dressèd me.

But we are still too young or old;
The man is gone
Before we do our wares unfold;
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold.

G. HERBERT

98.—LOVE'S DEATHBED

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done: you get no more of me:
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,

When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover!

M. DRAYTON

99.—THE WARBLING OF BLACKBIRDS

WHEN I hear the waters fretting,
When I see the chestnut letting
All her lovely blossom falter down, I think, "Alas the day!"
Once with magical sweet singing
Blackbirds set the woodland ringing,
That awakes no more while April hours wear themselves away.

In our hearts fair hope lay smiling,
Sweet as air, and all beguiling;
And there hung a mist of bluebells on the slope and down the dell;
And we talked of joy and splendour
That the years unborn would render,
And the blackbirds helped us with the story, for they knew it well.

Piping, fluting, "Bees are humming,
April's here, and Summer's coming;
Don't forget us when you walk, a man with men, in pride and joy;
Think on us in alleys shady,
When you step a graceful lady;
For no fairer day have we to hope for, little girl and boy.

"Laugh and play, O lisping waters,
Lull our downy sons and daughters;
Come O wind, and rock their leafy cradle in thy
wanderings coy;
When they wake we'll end the measure
With a wild sweet cry of pleasure,
And a 'Hey down derry, let's be merry! little
girl and boy!'"

J. INGELOW

100.—A VIGIL IN THE EAST

SLEEP, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done.
Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep
Wide over groves of balm,
Down from the towering palm
In at the open casement cooling run,
And round thy lowly bed
Thy bed of pain,
Bathing thy patient head
Like grateful showers of rain
They come;
While the thick curtains, waving to and fro,
Fan the sick air,
And pityingly the shadows come and go
With gentle human care
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is gone,
The night begun:
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much?
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now,
Or, with a soft caress,
The tremulous lip its own nepenthe press
Upon the weary lid and aching brow,
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging
Their little golden circles in a flutter,
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,
Till all are ringing
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing;
And with a lulling sound
The music floats around
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
Commingling with the hum
Of the sepoy's distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near.
Sounds these of deepest silence born
Like night made visible by morn;
So silent, that I sometimes start
To hear the throbbings of my heart,
And watch, with shivering sense of pain
To see thy pale lids lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes
Peeps from the mortise with surprise
At such strange quiet after day's harsh din;
Then ventures boldly out
And looks about,

And with his hollow feet
Treads his small evening beat,
Darting upon his prey
In such a tricksy winsome sort of way,
His delicate marauding seems no sin.
And still the curtains swing
But noiselessly;
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
As tears were in the sky;
More heavily the shadows fall
Like the black foldings of a pall
Where juts the rough beam from the wall;
The candles flare
With fresher gusts of air;
The beetle's drone
Turns to a dirge-like solitary moan;
Night deepens, and I sit in cheerless doubt
alone. E. JUDSON

101.—SONNETS

I

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not:—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

II

Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee ; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters ; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men :
O raise us up ! return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart ;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

III

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which to the open sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish ; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old :

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

W. WORDSWORTH

102.—SIR DAVID GRÆME

THE dow [1] flew east, the dow flew west,
The dow flew far ayont the fell;
And sair at e'en she seemed distrest,
But what perplexed her could not tell.

But aye she coo'd wi' mournfu' croon,
An' ruffled a' her feathers fair;
And lookit sad as she war boun
To leave the land for evermair.

The lady wept, and some did blame:
She did not blame the bonnie dow.
But sair she blamed Sir David Græme,
Because the knight had broke his vow.

For he had sworn by the stars sae bright,
And by their tryst on the dewy green,
To meet her there on St. Lambert's night,[2]
Whatever dangers lay between;

To risk his fortune and his life
In bearing her frae her father's towers;
To gie her a' the lands of Dryfe,
An' the Enzie-holm wi' its bonnie bowers.

[1] Dove. [2] September 17.

The day arrived, the evening came,
The lady looked wi' wistfu' ee;
But O alas! her noble Græme
Frae e'en to morn she didna see.

The sun had drunk frae Keilder Fell
His beverage o' the mornin' dew;
The deer had crouched her i' the dell,
The heather oped its bells o' blue.
* * * *
An' she has sat her down and grat;[1]
The world to her a desert seemed;
An' she wyted[2] this an' she wyted that,
But o' the real cause never dreamed.

When lo! Sir David's trusty hound,
Wi' humpling back, and a waefu' ee,
Cam cringing in and lookit around,
But his look was hopeless as could be.

He laid his head on that lady's knee,
An' he lookit as somebody he wad name;
An' there was a language in his howe[3] ee,
That was stronger than a tongue could frame.

She fed him wi' the milk an' the bread,
An' ilka thing that he wad hae;
He lickit her hand, he cowered his head,
Then slowly, slowly he slunkered away.

But she has eyed her fause knight's hound
And a' to see where he wad gae;
He whined, an' he howled, an' lookit around,
Then slowly, slowly he trudged away.

[1] Wept. [2] Blamed. [3] Hollow.

She followed the hound o'er muirs an' rocks,
Through mony a dell an' dowie [1] glen ;
Till frae her brow an' bonnie gowd locks
The dew dreepit doun like the draps o' rain.

An' aye she said, "My love may be hid,
An' daurna come to the castle to me ;
But him I will find and dearly I'll chide
For lack o' stout heart an' courtesy."

An' aye she eyed the gray sleuth-hound,
As he windit ower Deadwater Fell,
Till he cam to the den wi' the moss inbound ;
An' O but it kythed [2] a lonesome dell !

An' he waggit his tail, an' he fawned about,
Then he cowered him doun sae wearily.
"Ah ! yon's my love ; I have found him out ;
He's lying waiting i' the dell for me.

"What ails my love, that he looks na roun',
A lady's stately step to view ?
Ah me ! I have neither stockings nor shoon,
An' my feet are wet wi' the moorland dew.

"Sae sound as he sleeps i' his hunting gear,
To waken him great pity wad be :
Deaf is the man that caresna to hear,
And blind is he wha wantsna to see !"

She gae ae look ; she needit but ane,
For it left nae sweet uncertainty ;
She saw a wound through his shoulder bane,
An' in his brave breast two or three.

[1] Dreary. [2] Looked.

There's a cloud fa's darker than the night,
An' darkly on that lady it came ;
There's a sleep as deep as the sleep outright :
'Tis without a feeling or a name.

* * * *

O shepherd, lift yon comely corpse !
Well may you see no wound is there :
There's a faint rose 'mid the bright dewdrops,
An' they have not wet her glossy hair.

There's a lady has lived in Hoswood Tower,
'Tis seven years past on St. Lambert's day ;
An' aye, when comes the vesper hour,
These words an' no more can she say :

" They slew my love on the wild swaird green,
As he was on his way to me ;
An' the ravens picked his bonnie blue een,
An' the tongue that was formed for courtesy.

" My brothers they slew my comely knight,
An' his grave is red blood to the brim :
I thought to have slept out the lang, lang night ;
But they've wakened me, an' wakened not him !"

JAMES HOGG

103.—COURAGE

GIVE me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind
Even till his sailyards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship runs on her side so low

That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air;
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is,—there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.

G. CHAPMAN

104.—PASSAGES FROM "IN MEMORIAM"[1]

I

1.—(XI)

CALM is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its Autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

[1] Written in memory of his friend, Arthur H. Hallam, who died at Vienna, and was buried at Clevedon.

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

2.—(XVIII)

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing through his lips impart
The life that almost dies in me;

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.

3. —(XXII)

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow;

And we with singing cheered the way,
And, crowned with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth Autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow feared of man:

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, though I walk in haste,
And think that somewhere in the waste
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

4.—(LVII)

Peace; come away; the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song:
Peace; come away: we do him wrong
To sing so wildly: let us go.

Come ; let us go : your cheeks are pale ;
But half my life I leave behind :
Methinks my friend is richly shrined ;
But I shall pass ; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
Eternal greetings to the dead ;
And "Ave, Ave, Ave," [1] said,
'Adieu, adieu" for evermore.

TENNYSON

105.—A SCHOLAR AND HIS DOG

I WAS a scholar ; seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man :
The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.
Delight, my spaniel, slept, whilst I baused [2] leaves,
Tossed o'er the dunces,[3] pored on the old print
Of titled words : and still my spaniel slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins, and still my spaniel slept,
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus,[4] and the musty saws
Of antique Donate :[5] still my spaniel slept.

[1] Here, "farewell." [2] Caressed, from Fr. *baiser*.
[3] A name given to the Schoolmen, from Duns Scotus.
[4] Scholastic theologians.
[5] A famous grammarian of the fourth century.

Still on went I ; first, *an sit anima ;*
Then, an 'twere mortal. O hold, hold ! at that
They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears, amain
(Pell-mell) together : still my spaniel slept.
Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixt,
Ex traduce ; but whether 't had free will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt,
I staggered, knew not which was firmer part ;
But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pried,
Stuffed noting-books : and still my spaniel slept.
At length he waked, and yawned : and by yon sky
For aught I know, he knew as much as I !

J. MARSTON

106.—THE GARMOND OF GUD LADIES

WALD my gude Lady lufe me best,
And wirk eftir my will,
I suld ane Garmond gudliest
Gar mak hir body till.

Off hie honoúr suld be hir hud,
Upoun hir heid to weir,
Garneist with govirnance so gud,
Na demyng [1] suld hir deir.[2]

Hir sark suld be hir body nixt
Of chestetie so quhit,[3]
With schame and dreid togidder mixt,
The same suld be perfyt.

[1] Opinion. [2] Harm. [3] White.

Hir kirtill suld be of clene constance,
Lasit with lesum[1] lufe,
The mailyheis[2] of continuance
For nevir to remufe.

Hir gown suld be of gudliness
Weill ribband with renowne,
Purfillit[3] with plesour in ilk place,
Furrit with fyne fassoun.[4]

Hir belt suld be of benignitie
About hir middill meit;
Hir mantill of humilitie,
To tholl[5] bayth wind and weit.

Hir hat suld be of fair having,
And hir tepat[6] of trewth,
Hir patelet[7] of gud pansing,[8]
Hir hals-ribbane of rewth.

Hir slevis suld be of esperance,
To keip hir fra dispair;
Hir gluvis of the gud govirnance,
To hyd hir fyngearis fair.

Hir schone suld be of sickernes,
In syne that scho nocht slyd;
Hir hoiss[9] of honestie, I gues,
I suld for hir provyd.

[1] Lawful. [2] Eyelet-holes. [3] Embroidered.
[4] Manners. [5] Withstand. [6] Tippet.
[7] Ruff. [8] Thoughts. [9] Hosen.

Wald scho put on this Garmond gay,
I durst sweir by my seill,[1]
That scho woir nevir grene nor gray
Thet set[2] hir half so weill.

R. HENRYSON

107.—THE "AVE MARIA"[3]

AVE MARIA! blessèd be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft!
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying-day hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er[4]
To where the last Cæsarean[5] fortress stood,—
Evergreen forest, which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay[6] made haunted ground to me,—
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

[1] Salvation. [2] Suited.

[3] The "Ave Maria," rung about half an hour after sunset, is quite distinct from the vesper-bell (see stanzas 3 and 5); one being a summons to private prayer, and the other to public worship.

[4] "As early as the fifth or sixth century . . . a lonely grove of pines covered the ground where the Roman fleet once rode at anchor."—GIBBON.

[5] Cæsarea was a large suburb added to Ravenna by Augustus.

[6] *Theodore and Honoria,* translated from Boccaccio.

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bells that rose the boughs along;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng
Which learned from this example not to fly
From a true lover,[1] shadowed my mind's eye.

O Hesperus, thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parents' brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child too to the mother's breast.[2]

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

BYRON

[1] In allusion to Boccaccio's story.
[2] This stanza is translated from Sappho.

108.—IN A FAR COUNTRY

FRIENDS, who watch me till the light
  Smile and slay me,
Asking low what word to write
  Where you lay me:
Shun, I pray you, praise and blame;
Only say, and speak my name,—
  God assoil her!

Praise would shame me, lying low;
  Blame would grieve me:
This word only, ere you go,
  Speak, and leave me:
Speak it where, at head and feet,
Echoing winds may still repeat—
  God assoil her!

Plant nor rosemary nor rue;
  Trust the daisies:
They will cluster, careless who
  Blames or praises;
They will spring unsown, and say,
With fair grasses, day by day,—
  God assoil her!

So, when all is overgrown
  Late in summer,
By these signs I shall be shown
  No new-comer,
But the child for whom you prayed,
Kneeling by a grave new-made,—
  God assoil her!

Come then with the autumn birds,
Sunward pressing;
Seek me where your latest words
Fell in blessing;
Where, through all the fading year,
Still this requiem I hear—
God assoil her!

Shut from sunlight, cold and low,
Weeds above me—
You will find me where they grow,
Hearts that love me!
Ah! then, on the graveyard way,
Fold once more your hands and pray;
Sign the Sign of signs, and say—
Christ assoil her!

ANON.

109.—YOUTH IN AGE

CALL him not old, whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll
Who bears eternal Summer in his soul.
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
Spring with her birds, or children at their play.
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art,
Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart,
Turn to the record where his years are told,—
Count his gray hairs,—they cannot make him old!

* * * *

In every heart some viewless founts are fed
From far-off hillsides where the dews were shed;
On the worn features of the weariest face
Some youthful memory leaves its hidden trace,
As in old gardens left by exiled kings
The marble basins tell of hidden springs,
But, gray with dust and overgrown with weeds,
Their choking jets the passer little heeds,
Till time's revenges break their seals away,
And, clad in rainbow light, the waters play.

O. W. HOLMES

110.—MAY[1] MARGARET[2]

THE clinking bell gaed through the town,
And carried the dead corpse to the clay;
Young Saunders stood at May Margaret's window,
I wot, an hour before the day.

"Are ye sleeping, Margaret?" he says,
"Or are ye waking presentlie?
Give me my faith and troth again,
True[3] love, as I gied them to thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sall never get,
Nor our true love sall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower,
And kiss me cheek and chin."

[1] Maid.

[2] Generally combined with an introductory part (by some supposed to be a separate ballad) under the name of Clerk Saunders.

[3] Troth.

"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret;
It has the smell, now, of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth
Thy days will soon be at an end.

"O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight!
I wot the wild fowls are boding day.
Give me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare me on my way."

"Thy faith and troth thou sall'na get,
And our true love sall never twin,
Until ye tell what comes o' women,
Wot ye, who die in strong traivelling."

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gilliflowers;
I wot, sweet company for to see.

"O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight!
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I, ere now, will be missed away."

Then she has taken a crystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot-window,[1]
Wi' mony a sad sigh and heavy groan.

"I thank ye, Marg'ret; I thank ye, Marg'ret;
Ever I thank ye heartilie;
But gin I were living, as I am dead,
I'd keep my faith and troth with thee."

[1] A window with one small aperture.

It's hosen and shoon and gown alone,
She climbed the wall and followed him,
Until she came to the green forest,
And there she lost the sight o' him.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Is there ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is fu' lowly now,
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

"Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding-sheet;
The dew it falls nae sooner down
Than my resting-place is weet."

Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray:
"'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away.

"And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,
And Marg'ret, o' veritie,
Gin e'er ye love another man,
Ne'er love him as ye did me."

OLD BALLAD

III.—TO LIGHT

(From "Hymn to Light")

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy wingèd arrows fly?
Swiftness and power by birth are thine:
From thy great sire they came, thy sire the word[1] divine.

Thou in the Moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal Spring.

When, Goddess! thou lift'st up thy wakened head
Out of the Morning's purple bed,
Thy choir of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes
Is but thy several liveries:
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the Rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin Lilies in their white
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked Light.

[1] "Let there be light."

Through the soft ways of heaven and air and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river dost thou glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

But the vast ocean of unbounded Day
In the Empyrean Heaven does stay:
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

A. Cowley

112.—SIR GALAHAD[1]

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:

[1] See *The Holy Grail* (*Idylls of the King*).

But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah! blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

TENNYSON

113.—TO DARKNESS

HAIL, thou most sacred, venerable thing !
What muse is worthy thee to sing—
Thee, from whose pregnant, universal womb
All things, even Light, thy rival, first did come ?
What dares he not attempt that sings of thee,
Thou first and greatest mystery ?
Who can the secrets of thy essence tell ?
Thou, like the light of God, art inaccessible.

Before great Love this monument did raise,
This ample theatre of praise ;
Before the folding circles of the sky
Were tuned by Him who is all harmony ;
Before the morning stars their hymn began,
Before the council held for man,
Before the birth of either time or place,
Thou reign'st unquestioned monarch in the empty space.

Thy native lot thou did'st to Light resign,
But still half of the globe is thine.
Here, with a quiet but yet awful hand,
Like the best emperors thou dost command.
To thee the stars above their brightness owe,
And mortals their repose below ;
To thy protection fear and sorrow flee,
And those that weary are of Light find rest in thee.

Though light and glory be the Almighty's throne,
Darkness is His pavilion;
From that His radiant beauty, but from thee
He has His terror and His majesty:
Thus, when He first proclaimed His sacred law,
And would His rebel subjects awe,
Like princes on some great solemnity,
He appeared in His robes of state, and clad Himself with thee.

J. NORRIS

114.—TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL 1786[1]

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure[2]
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,[3]
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

[1] This poem was really composed under the circumstances described.

[2] Dust. [3] Wetness.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield [1]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie [2] stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust ;
Till she, like thee, all soiled is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred !
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !

[1] Shelter. [2] Dry.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom;
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

R. BURNS

115.—AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse!
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbèd Song of pure consent
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow;
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:

That we on Earth, with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial consort [1] us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light!

J. MILTON

116.—BY THE SEA

WHY does the sea moan evermore ?
Shut out from heaven it makes its moan,
It frets against the boundary shore ;
All earth's full rivers cannot fill
The sea, that drinking thirsteth still.

Sheer miracles of loveliness
Lie hid in its unlooked-on bed :
Anemones, salt, passionless,
Blow flower-like ; just enough alive
To blow and multiply and thrive.

Shells quaint with curve, or spot, or spike,
Encrusted live things Argus-eyed,
All fair alike, yet all unlike,
Are born without a pang, and die
Without a pang, and so pass by.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

[1] See p. 54.

117.—THE PRAISE OF BEAUTY

(From "An Hymn in Honour of Beautie")

What time this world's great Workmaster did cast
To make all things such as we now behold.
It seems that He before His eyes had plast[1]
A goodly Pattern, to whose perfect mould
He fashioned them as comely as He could,
That now so fair and seemly they appear
As nought may be amended anywhere.

That wondrous Pattern, wheresoe'er it be,
Whether in Earth laid up in secret store,
Or else in Heaven, that no man may it see
With sinful eyes, for fear it to deflore,[2]
Is perfect Beauty, which all men adore:
Whose face and feature doth so much excel
All mortal sense, that none the same may tell.

How vainly then do idle wits invent
That beauty is nought else but mixture made
Of colours fair, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And pass away, like to a summer's shade;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measured with meet disposition!

But ah! believe me, there is more than so
That works such wonders in the minds of men:
I, that have often proved, too well it know,

[1] Placed. [2] Deflower.

And whoso list the like assayes to ken
Shall find by trial and confess it then
That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward show of things that only seem.

For that same goodly hue of white and red,
With which the cheeks are sprinkled, shall decay,
And those sweet rosy leaves, so fairly spread
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay ;
That golden wire, those sparkling stars so bright,
Shall turn to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
That light proceeds which kindleth lovers' fire,
Shall never be extinguished nor decay ;
But when the vital spirits do expire
Unto her native planet shall retire :
For it is heavenly born and cannot die,
Being a parcel[1] of the purest sky.

For love is a celestial harmony
Of likely hearts, composed of stars' consent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy
To work each others' joy and true content,
Which they have harboured since their first descent
Out of their heavenly bowers, where they did see
And know each other here beloved to be.

Then *Io*,[2] triumph ! O great Beauty's Queen !
Advance the banner of thy conquest high ;
That all this world, the which thy vassals been,

[1] Portion. [2] Gk. and Lat. for *ho ! huzza !*

May draw to thee, and with due fealty
Adore the power of thy great Majesty,
Singing this hymn in honour of thy name,
Compiled by me, which thy poor liegeman am.

E. SPENSER

118.—SNOW-FLAKES

OUT of the bosom of the Air,
  Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
  Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
    Silent, and soft, and slow,
    Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
  Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
  In the white countenance confession,
    The troubled sky reveals
    The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
  Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
  Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
    Now whispered and revealed
    To wood and field.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

119.—TO THE LADY MARGARET

Countess of Cumberland

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolvèd powers ; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same :
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wealds of man survey !

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood ; where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil ;
Where Greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As Frailty doth ; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem !

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies ;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right : the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails ;
Justice he sees (as if seducèd) still
Conspires with Power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of Right to appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man ;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends and make his courses hold.

He sees that, let Deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes,
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him, that hath no side at all
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexèd state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:
Yet, seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught Ambition compasses
And is encompassed; whilst as Craft deceives
And is deceived: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires, and sees all things
Beneath him, and hath learned this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty ; and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings :
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear ;

Which, madam, are so soundly fashionèd
By that clear judgment that hath carried you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make ; inured to any hue
The world can cast ; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain ;
Where no vain breath of the impudent molests ;
That hath secured within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests ;
Whilst all what Malice from without procures
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge
Than women use to do ; yet you well know
That wrong is better checked by being contemned
Than being pursued ; leaving to Him to avenge
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemned
Base Malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark :

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoiled they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and even deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death! That when ability expires
Desire lives still—So much delight they have
To carry toil and travel to the grave!

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reckonings of their glory. And you know
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepared, that fears no ill to come;
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumèd are
Either in war, or peace conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind,

Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man ; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord ; but still agree,
Equal in Fortune's inequality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In the inheritance of fame you must possess :
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honoured name
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame !

S. DANIEL

120.—ASK ME NO MORE

ASK me no more where Jove bestows
When June is past, the fading rose,
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day,
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past,
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest,
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

T. Carew

121.—A SPRING MORNING

(From "The King's Quhair[1]")

Now was there maid fast by the Touris[2] wall
A gardyn faire, and in the corneris set
Ane herbere[3] grene, with wandis long and small
Railit about, and so with treis set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet[4]
That lyf[5] was none walkyng there forbye,
That mycht within scarce any wight aspy.

So thick the beuis[6] and the leves grene
Beschadit all the allyes that there were
And myddis every herbere mycht be sene
The scharpè greenè suetè jenepere,

[1] Quire, book.
[2] The Tower of Windsor Castle, where he was imprisoned.
[3] Arbour. [4] Hedges knit. [5] Living thing.
[6] Boughs.

Growing so fair with branchis here and there
That, as it semyt to a lyf without,
The beuis spred the herbere all about.

And on the smalè grenè twistis[1] sat
The lytil suetè nyghtingale, and song
So loud and clere the ympnis[2] consecrat
Of luvis use, now soft now lowd among,
That all the gardynis and the wallis rong
Ryght of thaire song, and on the copill next[3]
Of thair suete armony: and lo! the text:

"Worschippe, ye that loveris bene, this May,
For of your bliss the kalendis are begonne,
And sing with us: *Away, Winter, away!*
Come, Somer, come! the suetè seson and sonne.
Awake, for schame! that have your hevynis wonne
And amourously lift up your hedis all:
Thank Lufe that list you to his merci call."

Quhen thai this song had song a lytil thrawe,[4]
Thai stent a quhile, and therewith unafraid,
As I beheld, and kest myn eyen a-lawe,[5]
From beugh to beugh thai hippit and thai plaid,
And freschly in thair birdis kynd araid
Thair fatheris[6] new, and fret thame in the sonne,
And thankit Lufe that had thair makis[7] wonne.

JAMES I. (of Scotland)

[1] Twigs. [2] Hymns. [3] With the next stanza.
[4] While. [5] Below. [6] Feathers. [7] Mates.

122.—PASSAGES FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

II

1.—(CVI)

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

2.—(CXV)

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

3.—(CXXIV)

That which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor through the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice "believe no more,"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear;
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach through nature, moulding men.

4.—(CXXVI)

Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, though as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompassed by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

TENNYSON

123.—UNEXPRESSED

IF all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses, on admirèd themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they 'still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein as in a mirror we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;

If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least
Which into words no virtue can digest.

C. MARLOWE

124.—MEDITATION OF LORD STRAFFORD IN THE TOWER

Go, empty joys,
With all your noise,
And leave me here alone
In sad sweet silence to bemoan
The fickle worldly height
Whose danger none can see aright
Whilst your false splendours dim the sight.

Go, and ensnare
With your trim ware
Some other worldly wight,
And cheat him with your flattering light;
Rain on his head a shower
Of honour, greatness, wealth, and power:
Then snatch it from him in an hour.

Fill his big mind
With gallant wind
Of insolent applause;
Let him not fear the curbing laws,
Nor king nor people's frown,
But dream of something like a crown,
Then, climbing upwards, tumble down.

Let him appear
In his bright sphere
Like Cynthia in her pride,
With starlike troops on every side,
For number and clear light
Such as may soon o'erwhelm him quite:
And blind them both [1] in one dead night.

Welcome, sad Night,
Grief's sole delight!
Thy mourning best agrees
With Honour's funeral obsequies:
In Thetis' lap he lies,
Mantled with soft securities,
Whose [2] too much sunlight dimmed his eyes.

* * * *

O were 't our fate
To imitate
Those lights whose pallidness
Argues no inward guiltiness!
Their course is one way bent:
Which is the cause there's no dissent
In Heaven's high Court of Parliament.

ANON.[3]

125.—SONNETS

I.—ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.

[1] *i.e.* Moon and stars. [2] *i.e.* Honour's.
[3] Published as a broad-sheet ballad in 1641.

This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

II.—In the Trossachs

There's not a nook within this solemn Pass
But were an apt confessional for one
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest !

III.—Mutability

From low to high doth dissolution climb
And sink from high to low, along a scale

Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail:
A musical but melancholy chime
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

W. WORDSWORTH

126.—TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind,
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep.
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet,
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no, this sorrow shown
By your tears shed
Would have this lecture read,
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

R. HERRICK

127.—ODE TO EVENING

IF aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear
(Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales);

O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-haired Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts
With brede[1] ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed,

[1] Braid.

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum, —
Now teach me, Maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial, loved return !

For when thy folding-star [1] arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain-side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

[1] Hesperus.

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

W. COLLINS

128.—THE ANNIVERSARY

ALL kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself, which makes times, as these pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw.
All other things to their destruction draw;
Only our love hath no decay;
This no to-morrow hath nor yesterday;
Running, it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse:
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas! as well as other princes, we,
Who prince enough in one another be,
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears.
But souls where nothing dwells but love,
All other thoughts being inmates,[1] then shall prove
This, or a love increasèd there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.

And then we shall be throughly blest:
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
Who is so safe as we, where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two?
True and false fears let us refrain:
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore! This is the second of our reign.

J. DONNE

129.—THE LOTOS-EATERS[2]

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemèd always afternoon.

[1] Passing guests.

[2] A people encountered by Odysseus in his wanderings (see *Odyssey*, Bk. ix.)

All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land : far-off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of agèd snow,
Stood sunset-flushed : and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmèd sunset lingered low adown
In the red West : through mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale ;
A land where all things always seemed the same !
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave

On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;
And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more ;"
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam."

Choric Song

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes ;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness ?
All things have rest : why should we toil alone,

We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown;
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow,
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become

Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dream-
ful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray,
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory
With those old faces of our infancy
Heaped over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears: but all hath suffered
change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island-princes overbold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings

Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile:
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto agèd breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly, [1]
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave through the thick-twinèd vine—
To watch the emerald-coloured water falling
Through many a woven acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath
the pine.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
Through every hollow cave and alley lone,
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow
Lotos-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,

[1] See *Odyssey*, x. 305.

Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whispered, down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys
dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.[1]
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil,
the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and
wave and oar;
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander
more.

TENNYSON

130.—ESTRANGEMENT

THE path from me to you that led,
Untrodden long, with grass is grown,—
Mute carpet that his lieges spread
Before the Prince Oblivion
When he goes visiting the dead.

And who are they but who forget?
You, who my coming could surmise
Ere any hint of me as yet
Warned other ears and other eyes,
See the path blurred without regret.

But when I trace its windings sweet
With saddened steps, at every spot
That feels the memory in my feet,
Each grass-blade turns forget-me-not,
Where murmuring bees your name repeat.

J. R. LOWELL

[1] See *Odyssey*, xi. 539.

131.—SONNETS

I

The Delight of Love[1]

(XXVI)

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

(XXIX)

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state

[1] The headings of this and similar groups make no attempt to solve the riddle of the Sonnets. They simply indicate the phases of the story that lies on their surface; the story of a passionate friendship, shadowed by the thought of death, darkened by estrangement, and finally made perfect in reunion, when the temple of "ruined love . . . built anew, grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater."

And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

(LII)

So am I as the rich, whose blessèd key
Can bring him to his sweet up-lockèd treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placèd are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.[1]
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprisoned pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lacked, to hope.

W. SHAKSPEARE

[1] Necklace.

132.—STANZAS

(From "The Blessed Damozel")

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn-fall of leaves,
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high that, looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

Around her, lovers newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said,
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

* * * *

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead,

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns[1] and citoles.

There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:
Only to live as once on earth
With love,—only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened, and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,
"All this is when he comes." She ceased,
The light thrilled towards her, filled
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

[1] Lyres or harps: Gk. *kithara.*

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

D. G. ROSSETTI

133.—DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,

WHEREIN ECHE THING RENEWES, SAUE ONELIE THE LOUER

THE sootè season that bud and blome furth bringes
With grene hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale with fethers new she singes;
The turtle to her make hath tolde her tale:
Somer is come, for euery spray nowe springes;
The hart hath hong his olde hed on the pale,
The buck in brake his winter cote he flinges,
The fishes flote with newe repairèd scale,
The adder all her sloughe awaye she slinges,
The swift swalow pursueth the flyes smale,
The busy bee her honye now she minges;
Winter is worne that was the flowers bale:
And thus I see among these pleasant thinges
Eche care decayes, and yet my sorow springes.

H. HOWARD (LORD SURREY)

134.—ODE TO DUTY

'Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eò perductus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim."

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
Who do thy work, and know it not :
O if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power, around them cast !

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust ;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ;
But in the quietness of thought.
Me this unchartered freedom tires,
I feel the weight of chance-desires ;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power,
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
O let my weakness have an end !

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live !

W. WORDSWORTH

135.—A VISION UPON THIS CONCEIT OF THE FAERY QUEEN[1]

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn ; and, passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen ;
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended ; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the Heavens did pierce ;
Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief.

W. RALEIGH

[1] Appended to the first three Books of *The Faery Queen*, published 1590.

136.—EXTREME UNCTION

Go! leave me, Priest; my soul would be
  Alone with the consoler, Death;
Far sadder eyes than thine will see
  This crumbling clay yield up its breath;
These shrivelled hands have deeper stains
  Than holy oil can cleanse away,—
Hands that have plucked the world's coarse gains
  As erst they plucked the flowers of May.

Call, if thou canst, to these gray eyes
  Some faith from youth's traditions wrung;
This fruitless husk which dustward dries
  Has been a heart once, has been young;
On this bowed head the awful Past
  Once laid its consecrating hands;
The Future in its purpose vast
  Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

But look! whose shadows block the door?
  Who are those two that stand aloof?
See! on my hands this freshening gore
  Writes o'er again its crimson proof!
My looked-for death-bed guests are met;—
  There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,
And there, with eyes that goad me yet,
  The ghost of my Ideal stands!

God bends from out the deep, and says,—
  "I gave thee the great gift of life;
Wast thou not called in many ways?
  Are not my earth and heaven at strife?

I gave thee of my seed to sow,
Bringest thou me my hundred-fold?"
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer, "Father, here is gold?"

I have been innocent; God knows
When first this wasted life began,
Not grape with grape more kindly grows
Than I with every brother-man:
Now here I gasp: what lose my kind,
When this fast ebbing breath shall part?
What bands of love and service bind
This being to the world's sad heart?

Christ still was wandering o'er the earth
Without a place to lay His head;
He found free welcome at my hearth,
He shared my cup and broke my bread:
Now, when I hear those steps sublime
That bring the other world to this,
My snake-turned nature, sunk in slime,
Starts sideway with defiant hiss.

Upon the hour when I was born
God said, "Another man shall be,"
And the great Maker did not scorn
Out of Himself to fashion me;
He sunned me with His ripening looks,
And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,
As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
Am exiled back to brutish clod,
Have borne unquenched for fourscore years
A spark of the eternal God:
And to what end? How yield I back
The trust for such high uses given?
Heaven's light hath but revealed a track
Whereby to crawl away from Heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight
To see a soul just set adrift
On that drear voyage from whose night
The ominous shadows never lift;
But 'tis more awful to behold
A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once; I flung away
Those keys that might have open set
The golden sluices of the day,
But clutch the keys of darkness yet;—
I hear the reapers singing go
Into God's harvest; I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious Youth, that once wast mine!
O high Ideal! all in vain
Ye enter at this ruined shrine
Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;
The bat and owl inhabit here,
The snake nests in the altar-stone,
The sacred vessels moulder near;
The image of the God is gone.

J. R. Lowell.

137.—SONNETS

I[1]

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez[2] when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

II

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high pilèd books, in charact'ry,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,

[1] On first looking into Chapman's *Homer*.

[2] Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, seems to be here confused with Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific.

Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

J. KEATS

138.—A DIRGE

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.
Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.
Let them rave.
Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;
Chaunteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny?
Let them rave.
Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee
The woodbine and eglatere
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.
Let them rave.
Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Round thee blow, self-pleachèd [1] deep,
Bramble roses,[2] faint and pale,
And long purples of the dale.
Let them rave.
These in every shower creep
Through the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine ;
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broidry of the purple clover.
Let them rave.
Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Wild words wander here and there ;
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused :
But let them rave.

[1] Naturally intertwined.

[2] Dog-roses. So Chaucer—

. . . "the bramble flower
That bereth the red hepe."

The balm-cricket [1] carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

TENNYSON

139.—MAN

WEIGHING the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful clocks the noiseless date
And intercourse of times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and flowers,
Early as well as late,
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bowers;

I would, said I, my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flowers without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never drest so fine.

Man hath still either toys or care;
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
But ever restless and irregular
About this earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where;
He says it is so far
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

[1] Literally "tree (baum) cricket," or cicada; here, apparently, grasshopper.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams ;
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes
By some hid sense their Maker gave ;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

H. VAUGHAN

140.—THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements ;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving,—not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Nor of the stains of her ;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smoothe and compose them;
And her eyes, close them
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.
Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contúmely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

T. HOOD

141.—SONNETS

I

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In Time's great periods shall return to nought ;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of spirit which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought ;
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty's like the purple flower
To which one morn oft birth and death affords ;
That Love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where Sense and Will bring under Reason's power,
Know what I list, this all cannot me move
But that, alas ! I both must write and love.

II

Sweet Soul ![1] which in the April of thy years
So to enrich the Heaven mad'st poor this round,
And now with golden rays of glory crowned
Most blest abid'st above the sphere of spheres :
If heavenly laws, alas ! have thee not bound
From looking to this globe that all upbears,
If ruth and pity there above be found,
O deign to lend a look unto these tears !
Do not disdain, dear Ghost ! this sacrifice ;
And, though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
Mine offerings take ! Let this for me suffice :
My heart a living pyramid I raise ;

[1] Mary Cunningham, his betrothed wife, who died on the eve of their marriage.

And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
Thine shall with myrtles and these flowers be seen.

W. DRUMMOND

142.—A LAMENT FOR FLODDEN

I'VE heard the lilting [1] at our yowe-milking,
Lassies a-lilting before dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning [2]—
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts,[3] in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,
The lassies are lonely and dowie and wae;
Nae daffin',[4] nae gabbin',[5] but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglen [6] and hies her away.

In har'st at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters [7] are lyart,[8] and runkled, and gray;
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching [9]—
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en in the gloaming, nae swankies [10] are roaming
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

[1] Singing. [2] Lane. [3] Sheep-pens. [4] Nonsense. [5] Chatting. [6] Milk-pail. [7] Sheaf-binders. [8] Grizzled. [9] Coaxing. [10] Lithe lads.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border !
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;
The Flowers o' the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking ;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

JANE ELLIOTT

143.—ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true,[1] the blushful Hippocrene,[1]

[1] *i.e.* As inspiring, but real, not fabled (see *Class. Dict.*)

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;

Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a museful rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?

J. KEATS

144.—STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light :
* * * *[1]

Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds, the birds, the ocean-floods—
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown :
I sit upon the sands alone ;

[1] There are at least three versions of this stanza : one replaces a "missing" line by asterisks ; a second gives—"The breath of the moist earth is light"—involving the repetition of "light," as a final syllable, three times ; a third avoids this repetition by reading (line 4) "transparent might," of which it is difficult to make sense. I have adopted the first of these readings, and have ventured to follow the precedent of the *Golden Treasury* in ending the poem with the fourth stanza.

The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is dashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion—
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure;
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are,
I could lie down like a tired child
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear;
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

P. B. SHELLEY

145.—A MARRIAGE SONG

(From "Epithalamion"[1])

Wake now, my Love! awake! for it is time:
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb,
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark how the cheerful birds do chant their lays
And carol of Love's praise!
The merry lark her mattins sings aloft,
The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays,
The ouzel shrills, the ruddock warbles soft:
So goodly all agree with sweet consent
To this day's merriment.
Ah, my dear Love! why do ye sleep thus long?
When meeter were that ye should now awake
To await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds' love-learnèd song
The dewy leaves among:
For they of joy and pleasaunce to you sing,
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace
Like Phœbe from her chamber of the East
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,

[1] Composed on his own marriage.

Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And being crownèd with a garland green
Seem like some maiden Queen.
Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my Love!
Open them wide, that she may enter in;
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this Saint with honour due
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view.
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throats
The choristers the joyous anthem sing
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy Priest that to her speaks

And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain!
That even the Angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare.
But her sad[1] eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governèd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry
Which may let in one little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet Angels! *Alleluia* sing;
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my Love?
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend!
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move!
Haste thee, O fairest Planet, to thy home
Within the western foam!
Thy tirèd steeds long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright Evening Star with golden crest
Appear out of the East.
Fair Child of Beauty! glorious lamp of Love,
That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead
And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread:
How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight

[1] See note 6, p. 50.

Of those glad many which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring!

Let no lamenting cries, nor doleful tears,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle sleep with misconceivèd doubt!
Let no deluding dreams nor dreadful sights
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fires, nor lightning's hapless harms,
Ne let the Pouke,[1] nor other evil sprights,
Ne let mischiévous witches with their charms,
Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not!
Let not the screech-owl nor the stork be heard,
Nor the night-raven that still deadly yells,
Nor damnèd ghosts called up with mighty spells,
Nor grisly vultures make us once afeared;
Ne let the unpleasant choir of frogs still croaking
Make us to wish their choking!
Let none of these their dreary accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring!

And ye, high Heavens! the temple of the Gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darkness lend desirèd light;
And all ye Powers which in the same remain,
More than we men can feign!
Pour out your blessing on us plenteously,
And happy influence upon us rain:

[1] The Puck or Pouk (Celtic) was originally a malevolent spirit.

That we may raise a large posterity;
Which from the earth, which they may long possess
With lasting happiness,
Up to your haughty palaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of their glorious merit
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet Love! in hope of this,
And cease till then our timely joys to sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our echo ring

E. SPENSER

146.—TO GROVES

YE silent shades, whose each tree here
Some relic of a saint doth wear,
Who, for some sweetheart's sake, did prove
The fire and martyrdom of love:—
Here is the legend of those saints
That died for love; and their complaints,
Their wounded hearts, and names, we find
Encarved upon the leaves and rind:—
Give way, give way to me, who come
Scorched with the self-same martyrdom,
And have deserved as much, Love knows,
As to be canonised 'mongst those
Whose deeds and deaths here written are
Within your greeny calendar.

By all those virgins' fillets hung
Upon your boughs, and requiems sung

For saints and souls departed hence,
Here honoured still with frankincense ;
By all those tears that have been shed,
As a drink-offering, to the dead ;
By all those true-love knots, that be
With mottos carved on every tree ;
By sweet St. Phillis,[1] pity me ;
By dear St. Iphis,[1] and the rest
Of all those other saints now blest,
Me, me forsaken, here admit
Among your myrtles to be writ :
That my poor name may have the glory
To live remembered in your story.

R. HERRICK

147.—SONNETS

II

THE SHADOW OF DEATH[2]

(LXVI)

TIRED with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

[1] A hero and heroine of classical romance, who killed themselves for love.

[2] See p. 220.

And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disablèd,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill :
Tired with all these, from these would I begone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

(LXXI)

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe,
O if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

(LXXIII)

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
strong
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

W. SHAKSPEARE

148.—THE TURNSTILE[1]

Ah! sad wer we as we did peace
The wold church road, wi' downcast eyes;
The while the bells, that mwoaned so deep
Above our child a-left asleep,
Wer now a-ringèn all alive
Wi' tother bells to meäke the vive.
But up at woone pleace we come by,
'Twer hard to keep woone's two eyes dry
On Steän-cliff road, 'mid the drong,
Up where, as vo'k do pass along,
The turnèn stile, a-painted white,
Do sheen by day an' show by night:
Vor always there, as we did goo

[1] In the Dorsetshire dialect.

To church, thik stile did let us drough,
Wi' spreadèn cärms that wheel'd to guide
Us each in turn to tother zide.
An' vu'st ov all the traïn he took
My wife, wi' winsome gaït an' look;
An' then zent on my little maïd,
A-skippèn onward, overjäy'd
To reach ageän the pleäce o' pride,
Her comely mother's left han' zide.
An' then, a-wheelèn roun', he took
On me, 'ithin his third white nook.
An' in the fourth, a-sheäkèn wild,
He zent us on our giddy child.
But eesterday he guided slow
My downcast Jenny, vull o' woe,
An' then my little maïd in black,
A-walkèn softly on her track;
An' after he'd a-turn'd ageän,
To let me goo along the leäne,
He had noo little bwoy to vill
His last white arms, an' they stood still.

W. Barnes

149.—THE PROGRESS OF POESY [1]

A Pindaric Ode

I.—1 [2]

Awake, Æolian [3] lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings!
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music flows along,
Deep, majestic, smooth and strong.
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign.
Now rolling down the steep amain

[1] It will be observed that, in imitation of the Greek, this Ode is divided into three corresponding groups, in each of which the first two stanazs are alike, and the third different. The notes that follow are by Gray himself. When first asked to annotate his Odes, he "had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty," but the strange mistakes made not only by readers but reviewers induced him to change his mind.

[2] The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described: its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers, and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.—T. Gray.

[3] Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.—T. Gray. [The Æolian was one of the later musical "modes" to which some of Pindar's Odes appear to have been set. See note 5, p. 27.]

Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2 [1]

O Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of war
Has curbed the fury of his car
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing.
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I.—3 [2]

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.

[1] Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul.—T. GRAY.

[2] Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.—T. GRAY.

Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay,
With arms sublime that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way :
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young desire and purple light of love.

II.—1 [1]

Man's feeble race what ills await !
Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky,
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

II.—2 [2]

In climes beyond the solar road
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,

[1] To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.—T. GRAY.

[2] Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilised nations ; its connection with liberty, and with the virtues that naturally attend on it.—T. GRAY.

The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves.
Glory pursue and generous shame,
The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II.—3[1]

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Every shade and hallowed fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left the Parnassus for the Latian plains,

[1] Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. . . . Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since. —T. GRAY.

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III.—1

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless Child
Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
"This pencil take," she said, "whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy!
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears!"

III.—2

Nor second he, that rode sublime[1]
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,[1]
Where angels tremble while they gaze,

[1] "He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned."—
Paradise Lost, vi. 771, 772.—T. GRAY.

He saw; but, blasted with excess of light
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed,[1] and long-resounding pace.

III.—3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
O lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle[2] bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air,
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun;
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

T. GRAY

[1] "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"—Job. This verse and the foregoing are meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.—T. GRAY.

[2] Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight regardless of their noise.—T. GRAY.

150.—THE DIRGE OF MARCELLO[1]

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm.
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

J. WEBSTER

151.—TWO SONGS FOR ST. THERESA

"A woman, for angelical height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance, more than a woman; who, yet a child, outran maturity, and durst plot a martyrdom." [2]

I

LOVE, thou art absolute, sole lord
Of life and death! To prove the word,
We need to go to none at all
Those thy old soldiers, stout and tall,
Ripe and full-grown, that could reach down
With strong arm their triumphant crown;

[1] A character in *The White Devil.*

[2] When she was seven years old, she set out on a pilgrimage, with the intention of offering herself for martyrdom to the Moors.

Such as could with lusty breath
Speak loud unto the face of Death
Their great lord's glorious name; to none
Of those whose large breasts built a throne
For Love, their lord, glorious and great:
We'll see him take a private seat,
And make his mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarce had she learnt to lisp a name
Of martyr, yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath
Which, spent, can buy so brave a death.
She never undertook to know
What death with love should have to do,
Nor hath she e'er yet understood
Why, to show love, she must shed blood:
Yet, though she cannot tell you why,
She can love, and she can die.
Scarce had she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake;
Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove
How much less strong is death than love.

Be love but there, let six poor years
Be posed with the maturest fears
Man trembles at, we straight shall find
Love knows no nonage, nor the mind:
'Tis love, not years or limb, that can
Make the martyr and the man.
Love toucht her heart, and lo! it beats
High, and burns with such brave heats,
Such thirst to die, as dare drink up
A thousand cold deaths in one cup:

Good reason, for she breathes all fire;
Her weak breast heaves with strong desire
Of what she may with fruitless wishes
Seek for amongst her mother's kisses.

* * * *

O what? ask not the tongues of men:
Angels cannot tell. Suffice,
Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys,
And hold them fast for ever there.
So soon as thou shalt first appear,
The Moon of maiden Stars, thy white
Mistress, attended by such bright
Souls as thy shining self, shall come
And in her first ranks make thee room.

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
All thy good works which went before
And waited for thee at the door
Shall own thee there; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King thy Spouse
Shall build-up thy triumphant brows.

Those rare works[1] where thou shalt leave writ
Love's noble history, with wit
Taught thee by none but Him, while here
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
Each heavenly word by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be
Both fire to us and flame to thee;

[1] She wrote a large number of treatises, religious meditations, etc.

Whose light shall live bright, in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.

II

. . . O heart!
Live in these conquering leaves;[1] live all the same;
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame;
Live here, great heart! and love, and die, and kill;
And bleed, and wound, and yield, and conquer still.
Let this immortal life where'er it comes
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms:
Let mystic deaths wait on't; and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O sweet incendiary! show here thy art
Upon this carcass of a hard, cold heart:
Let all thy scattered shafts of light, that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combined against this breast, at once break in,
And take away from me my self and sin;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.

O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy power of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day:
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire;
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that parting kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and sealed thee His

[1] The poem was inspired by her "picture and book."

By all the Heavens thou hast in Him,
Fair sister of the Seraphim!
By all of Him we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me:
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die!

R. CRASHAW

152.—THE CHALLENGE OF MAY

QUHEN Merchè wes with variand windis past,
And Apprylè had with hir silver schouris
Tane leif at Nature with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris[1]
Amang the tendir flouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois armony to heir it was delyt:

In bed at morrow sleiping as I lay,
Me thocht Aurora, with hir cristall ene
In at the window lukit by the day.
And halsit[2] me, with visage paill and grene;
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,[3]
"Awak, luvaris, out of your slomering:
Se hou the lusty morrow dois up-spring!"

Me thocht fresch May befoir my bed up stude,
In weid depaynt of mony diverss hew,
Sobir, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
In brycht atteir of flouris forgit new
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys;
Quhill all the house illumyint of her lemys.[4]

[1] Orisons. [2] Embraced. [3] Heart.
[4] Gleams, brightness.

"Slugird," scho said, "awak annone for schame!
And in my honour sum thing thou go wryt:
The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
To raise up luvaris with confort and delyt;
Yit nocht incressis thy curage to indyt,
Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,
Sangis to mak undir the levis grene."

W. DUNBAR

153.—A RONDEAU[1]

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old,—but add,
Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT

154.—TINTERN ABBEY[2]

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again

[1] Not technically a "rondeau," though so called by the author.

[2] The full title is, *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern on revisiting the banks of the Wye, during a tour, July* 13, 1798.

Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees,
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye ;
But oft, in lonely rooms and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime : that blessèd mood

In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened :—that serene and blessèd mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul ;
While, with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet O how oft
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable and the fever of the world
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart ;
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee !
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again ;
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope :
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills ; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides

Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams,
Wherever Nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth: but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity;
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor perchance
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
For thou art with me, here upon the banks
Of this fair river : thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend ; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. O yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy : for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;

And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee : and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; O then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these
gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together ; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither come
Unwearied in that service : rather say,
With warmer love, O with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !

W. WORDSWORTH

155.—TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

TAKE, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again—
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain!

W. SHAKSPEARE

156.—ELEGY ON ELIZABETH DRURY, WHO DIED "AT NOT FIFTEEN"

(FROM "THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL")

NOTHING could make me sooner to confess
That this world had an everlastingness,
Than to consider that a year is run
Since both this lower world's and the sun's Sun,
The lustre and the vigour of this All,
Did set: 'twere blasphemy to say, did fall.

* * * *

She, to whom all this world was but a stage,
Where all sat hearkening how her youthful age
Should be employed, because in all she did
Some figure of the Golden Times was hid;
Who could not lack whate'er this world could give,
Because she was the form[1] that made it live;

[1] In its older sense, of the "idea" or soul of a thing. So Spenser—

"For soul is form, and doth the body make."

Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be staid in, then, when she was in it :
She that first tried indifferent desires
By virtue, and virtue by religious fires ;
She to whose person Paradise adhered
As courts to princes ; she, whose eyes ensphered
Starlight enough to have made the South control,
Had she been there, the star-full Northern Pole : [1]
She, she is gone. . . .
She, whose fair body no such prison was
But that a soul might well be pleased to pass
An age in her ; she, whose rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for as much as they were like to her ;
She in whose body, if we dare prefer
This low world to so high a mark as she,
The Western treasure, Eastern spicery,
Europe and Africa, and the unknown rest
Were easily found, or what in them was best ;
She, of whose soul, if we may say 'twas gold,
Her body was the electrum,[2] and did hold
Many degrees of that (we understood
Her by her sight : her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say her body thought) :
She, she thus richly and largely housed, is gone,
And chides us slow-paced snails, who crawl upon
Our prison's prison, Earth, nor think us well,
Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.

* * * *

[1] Here, of course, hemisphere.

[2] Used of gold in its native state, when alloyed with silver.

Then, soul, to thy first pitch work up again :
Know that all lines which circles do contain,
For once that they the centre touch, do touch
Twice the circumference, and be thou such :
Double on Heaven thy thoughts on Earth employed.
All will not serve ; only who have enjoyed
The sight of God in fulness can think it ;
For it is both the object and the wit ;
'Tis such a full and such a filling good,
Had th' Angels once looked on Him, they had stood.
To fill the place of one of them or more,
She whom we celebrate is gone before ;
She, who had here as much essential joy
As no chance could distract, much less destroy ;
Who with God's Presence was acquainted so
Hearing and speaking to Him, as to know
His Face in any natural stone or tree
Better than when in images they be ;
Who kept by diligent devotion
God's image in such reparation
Within her heart, that what decay was grown
Was her first Parents' fault and not her own ;
Who, being solicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading His safe precontract ;
Who by a faithful confidence was here
Betrothed to God, and now is married there ;
Whose twilights were more clear than our midday ;
Who dreamed devoutlier than most use to pray ;
Who, being here filled with grace, yet strove to be
Both where more grace and more capacity
At once is given, she to Heaven is gone.

* * * *

Immortal Maid, I might invoke thy name:
But thou wouldst not; nor wouldst thou be content
To take this for my second year's true rent,[1]
Did this coin bear any other stamp than His
That gave thee power to do, me to say this.
Since His will is that to posterity
Thou shouldst for life and death a pattern be,
And that the world should notice have of this,
The purpose and th' authority is His:
Thou art the proclamation; and I am
The trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

J. DONNE

157.—A MOON-RAINBOW

THERE was a lull in the rain, a lull
In the wind too; the moon was risen,
And would have shone out pure and full,
But for the ramparted cloud-prison,
Block on block built up in the west,
For what purpose the wind knows best,
Who changes his mind continually.
And the empty other half of the sky
Seemed in its silence as if it knew
What, any moment, might look through
A chance-gap in that fortress massy;—
Through its fissures you got hints
Of the flying moon, by the shifting tints,
Now, a dull lion-colour, now, brassy
Burning to yellow, and whitest yellow
Like furnace-smoke just ere the flames bellow,

[1] He had written an elegy on her death a year before.

All a-simmer with intense strain
To let her through,—then blank again,
At the hope of her appearance failing.
. . . —Suddenly
The rain and the wind ceased, and the sky
Received at once the full fruition
Of the moon's consummate apparition.
The black cloud-barricade was riven,
Ruined beneath her feet, and driven
Deep in the west; while, bare and breathless,
North and South and East lay ready
For a glorious Thing, that, dauntless, deathless,
Sprang across them, and stood steady.
'Twas a moon-rainbow, vast and perfect,
From heaven to heaven extending, perfect
As the mother-moon's self, full in face.
It rose, distinctly at the base
With its seven proper colours chorded,
Which still, in the rising, were compressed,
Until at last they cöalesced,
And supreme the spectral creature lorded
In a triumph of whitest white,—
Above which intervened the night.
But above night too, like the next,
The second of a wondrous sequence,
Reaching in rare and rarer frequence,
Till the heaven of heavens be circumflext,
Another rainbow rose, a mightier,
Fainter, flushier, and flightier,—
Rapture dying along its verge!

R. BROWNING

158.—THE SONGS OF DAVID[1]

He sang of God—the mighty Source
Of all things, the stupendous Force
On which all strength depends;
From Whose right arm, beneath Whose eyes
All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns and ends:

Angels—their ministry and meed,—
Which to and fro with blessings speed,
Or with their citterns wait[2]
Where Michael with his millions bows,
Where dwells the Seraph and his spouse,
The Cherub and her mate:

Of man—the semblance and effect
Of God and Love, the saint elect
For infinite applause;
To rule the land and briny broad,
To be laborious in His laud,
And heroes in His cause:

The world—the clustering spheres He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill:

[1] The poem (Song to David) from which these stanzas are taken is said to have been scratched on the walls of a madhouse, in which Smart was confined during an attack of insanity. [2] Cp. Milton's *Sonnet on his Blindness*, p. 120.

Trees, plants and flowers—of virtuous root ;
Gem[1] yielding blossom, yielding fruit,
Choice gums and precious balm :
(Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,
And with the sweetness of the gale
Enrich the thankful psalm !)

Of fowl—e'en every beak and wing
Which cheer the Winter, hail the Spring,
That live in peace or prey ;
They that make music, or that mock,
The quail, the brave domestic cock,
The raven, swan, and jay :

Of fishes—every size and shape
Which nature frames of light escape,
Devouring man to shun :
The shells are in the wealthy deep,
The shoals upon the surface leap,
And love the glancing sun :

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task,
While the sleek tigers roll and bask,
Nor yet the shades arouse ;
Her cave the mining coney scoops ;
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops
The kids exult and browse:

Of gems—their virtue and their price,—
Which hid in earth from man's device,
Their darts of lustre sheath ;
The jasper of the master's stamp,
The topaz blazing like a lamp
Among the mines beneath.

* * * *

[1] Bud.

O David, scholar of the Lord!
Such is thy science, whence reward
And infinite degree.
O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe!
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
The lion and the bee!

C. SMART

159.—LIFE A SHADOW

LIFE a right shadow is;
For, if it long appear,
Then it is spent, and death's long night draws near.
Shadows are moving light;
And is there aught so moving as is this?
When it is most in sight,
It steals away, and none knows how or where:
So near our cradles to our coffins are.

W. DRUMMOND

160.—SONNETS

III

RENUNCIATION [1]

(LXXXVII)

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

[1] See p. 220.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,[1]
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, in waking no such matter.

(LXXXIX)

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon[2] desirèd change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,
Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue
Thy sweet belovèd name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee against myself I'll vow debate:
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

(XC)

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now:
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:

[1] *i.e.* The result of a mistake.
[2] *i.e.* To give it a fair appearance.

Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow:
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

W. SHAKSPEARE

161.—ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER

MORTALITY, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones:
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royal'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in,
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried,
"Though gods they were, as men they died:"
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings:
Here's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

F. BEAUMONT

162.—RUDEL TO THE LADY OF TRIPOLI

I KNOW a Mount, the gracious Sun perceives
First when he visits, last too when he leaves
The world ; and, vainly favoured, it repays
The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze
By no change of its large calm front of snow.
And, underneath the Mount, a Flower I know,
He cannot have perceived, that changes ever
At his approach ; and, in the lost endeavour
To live his life, has parted one by one
With all a flower's true graces, for the grace
Of being but a foolish mimic sun,
With ray-like florets round a disc-like face.
Men nobly call by many a name the Mount
As over many a land of theirs its large
Calm front of snow like a triumphal targe
Is reared, and still with old names fresh names vie,
Each to its proper praise and own account :
Men call the Flower, the Sunflower, sportively.
O Angel of the East, one, one gold look
Across the waters to this twilight nook,
—The far sad waters, Angel, to this nook !

Dear Pilgrim, art thou for the East indeed ?
Go !—saying ever as thou dost proceed
That I, French Rudel, choose for my device
A sunflower outspread like a sacrifice
Before its idol. See ! These inexpert
And hurried fingers could not fail to hurt
The woven picture ; 't is a woman's skill
Indeed ; but nothing baffled me, so, ill

Or well, the work is finished. Say, men feed
On songs I sing, and therefore bask the bees
On my flower's breast as on a platform broad:
But, as the flower's concern is not for these
But solely for the sun, so men applaud
In vain this Rudel, he not looking here
But to the East—the East! Go, say this, Pilgrim dear!

R. BROWNING

163.—ON A POET'S LIPS I SLEPT

(FROM "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND")

ON a Poet's lips I slept,
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept.
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be—
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living Man,
Nurslings of Immortality!

P. B. SHELLEY

164.—ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravished bride of Quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song; nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,

That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! fair attitude! with brede[1]
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st:
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

J. KEATS

165.—MORALITY

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides,
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

[1] Decoration.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
Ask, how *she* viewed thy self-control,
Thy struggling, tasked morality—
Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,
See, on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek!
"Ah, child!" she cries, "that strife divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine?

"There is no effort on my brow—
I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep.
Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once—but where?

"I knew not yet the gauge of time,
Nor wore the manacles of space;
I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.
'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God."

M. ARNOLD

166.—HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY

I ONLY knew one Poet in my life ;
And this, or something like it, was his way.

You saw go up and down Valladolid
A man of mark, to know next time you saw.
His very serviceable suit of black
Was courtly once, and conscientious still,
And many might have worn it, though none did :
The cloak, that somewhat shone and showed the threads,
Had purpose, and the ruff significance.
He walked, and tapped the pavement with his cane,
Scenting the world, looking it full in face :
An old dog, bald and blindish, at his heels.
They turned up now the alley by the church
That leads no whither ; now they breathed themselves
On the main promenade just at the wrong time.
You'd come upon his scrutinising hat,
Making a peaked shade blacker than itself
Against the single window spared some house,
Intact, yet with its mouldered Moorish work,—
Or else surprise the ferrule of his stick
Trying the mortar's temper 'tween the chinks
Of some new shop a-building—French and fine.
He stood and watched the cobbler at his trade,
The man who slices lemon into drink,
The coffee-roaster's brazier, and the boys

That volunteer to help him turn its winch.
He glanced o'er books on stalls with half an eye,
And fly-leaf ballads on the vendor's string,
And broad-edge bold-print posters by the wall.
He took such cognisance of men and things,
If any beat a horse, you felt he saw;
If any cursed a woman, he took note;
Yet stared at nobody,—you stared at him,
And found, less to your pleasure than surprise,
He seemed to know you and expect as much.
So, next time that a neighbour's tongue was loosed,
It marked the shameful and notorious fact
We had among us, not so much a spy
As a recording chief-inquisitor,
The town's true master if the town but knew!
We merely kept a governor for form,
While this man walked about and took account
Of all thought, said and acted, then went home,
And wrote it fully to our Lord the King,
Who has an itch to know things, he knows why,
And reads them in his bedroom of a night.
O you may smile! there wanted not a touch,
A tang of . . . well, it was not wholly ease,
As back into your mind the man's look came.
Stricken in years a little, such a brow
His eyes had to live under!—clear as flint
On either side o' the formidable nose,
Curved, cut, and coloured like an eagle's claw.
Had he to do with A's surprising fate?
When altogether old B disappeared,
And young C got his mistress,—was't our friend,
His letter to the King, that did it all?
What paid the bloodless man for so much pains?

Our Lord the King has favourites manifold,
And shifts his ministry some once a month;
Our city gets new governors at whiles,—
But never word or sign, that I could hear,
Notified to this man about the streets
The King's approval of those letters conned,
The last thing duly at the dead of night.
Did the man love his office? Frowned our Lord,
Exhorting when none heard—"Beseech me not!
"Too far above my people,—beneath me!
"I set the watch,—how should the people know?
"Forget them, keep me all the more in mind!"
Was some such understanding 'twixt the two?

I found no truth in one report at least—
That if you tracked him to his home, down lanes
Beyond the Jewry, and as clean to pace,
You found he ate his supper in a room
Blazing with lights, four Titians on the wall,
And twenty naked girls to change his plate!
Poor man, he lived another kind of life
In that new stuccoed third house by the bridge,
Fresh-painted, rather smart than otherwise!
The whole street might o'erlook him as he sat,
Leg crossing leg, one foot on the dog's back,
Playing a decent cribbage with his maid
(Jacynth, you're sure her name was) o'er the cheese
And fruit, three red halves of starved winter-pears,
Or treat of radishes in April. Nine,
Ten, struck the church clock, straight to bed went he.

My father, like the man of sense he was,
Would point him out to me a dozen times;

"St—St," he'd whisper, "the Corregidor!"[1]
I had been used to think that personage
Was one with lacquered breeches, lustrous belt,
And feathers like a forest in his hat,
Who blew a trumpet and proclaimed the news,
Announced the bull-fights, gave each church its turn,
And memorised the miracle in vogue!
He had a great observance from us boys;
We were in error; that was not the man.

I'd like now, yet had haply been afraid,
To have just looked when this man came to die,
And seen who lined the clean gay garret sides,
And stood about the neat low truckle bed,
With the heavenly manner of relieving guard.
Here had been, mark, the general-in-chief,
Through a whole campaign of the world's life and death,
Doing the King's work all the dim day long,
In his old coat and up to knees in mud,
Smoked like a herring, dining on a crust,—
And, now the day was won, relieved at once!
No further show or need of that old coat,
You are sure, for one thing! Bless us, all the while
How sprucely we are dressed out, you and I!
A second, and the Angels alter that.

Well, I could never write a verse,—could you?
Let's to the Prado, and make the most of time.

R. BROWNING

[1] A Spanish magistrate.

167.—THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD

We sat within the farmhouse old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—
The lighthouse,—the dismantled fort,—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead.

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendour flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,—
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,—
The gusty blast,—the bickering flames,—
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,—
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answer back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The driftwood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

168.—GOOD COUNSEIL

FLE fro the pres, and dwelle with sothfastnesse ;
Sufficè thee thy good, though hit be smal ;
For hord hath hate, and clymbyng tikelnesse,[1]
Pres hath envye, and wele blent overal.[2]
Savour no more then thee behovè shal ;
Do wel thyself that other folk canst rede,
And trouthè shal delyver, hit is no drede.

Tempest thee not al crokèd to redresse,
In trust of hir that turneth as a bal :
Gret restè stant in lytil besynesse.
Bewar also to spurne agein an al ;[3]
Stryve not as doth a crokkè[4] with a wal.
Dauntè thyself that dauntest otheres dede,
And trouthè shal delyver, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent receyve in buxumnesse :[5]
The wrasteling for this world asketh a fal ;
Heer nis non hoom, heer is but wyldernesse.
Forth pilgrime, forth ! forth, best,[6] out of thy stal !
Know thy contree, loke up, thank God of al ;
Weyvè thy lust, and let thy gost thee lede,
And trouthè shal delyver, hit is no drede.

G. CHAUCER

[1] Instability. [2] Is everywhere blinding.
[3] Awl : cp. "kick against the pricks."
[4] An earthenware pot.
[5] Submissiveness. [6] Beast.

169.—THE SLEEPER

At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapour, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave;
Wrapping the fog about its breast,
The ruin moulders into rest;
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world, awake.
All beauty sleeps:—and lo! where lies
(Her casement open to the skies)
Irene, with her destinies.

O lady bright! can it be right—
This window open to the night?
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,
Laughingly through the lattice drop—
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully—so fearfully—
Above the closed and fringèd lid
'Neath which thy slumbering soul lies hid,
That, o'er the floor and down the wall
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!

O lady dear, hast thou no fear?
Why and what art thou dreaming here?
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to these garden trees:
Strange is thy pallor; strange thy dress;
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps. O may her sleep
Which is enduring, so be deep!
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
For ever with unopened eye,
While the dim sheeted ghosts go by!

My love, she sleeps. O may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold;
Some vault that oft has flung its black
And wingèd panels fluttering back,
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls,
Of her grand family funerals;
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown
In childhood many an idle stone;
Some tomb from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think—poor child of sin—
It was the dead who groaned within!

E. A. Poe

170.—SONNETS

I.—Love Enthroned

I MARKED all kindred Powers the heart finds fair:—
Truth, with awed lips; and Hope, with eyes upcast;
And Fame, whose loud wings fan the ashen Past
To signal-fires, Oblivion's flight to scare;
And Youth, with still some single golden hair
Unto his shoulder clinging, since the last
Embrace wherein two sweet arms held him fast;
And Life, still wreathing flowers for Death to wear.

Love's throne was not with these; but far above
All passionate wind of welcome and farewell
He sat in breathless bowers they dream not of;
Though Truth foreknow Love's heart, and Hope foretell,
And Fame be for Love's sake desirable,
And Youth be dear, and Life be sweet to Love.

II.—Heart's Compass

Sometimes thou seem'st not as thyself alone,
But as the meaning of all things that are;
A breathless wonder, shadowing forth afar
Some heavenly solstice hushed and halcyon;[1]
Whose unstirred lips are music's visible tone;
Whose eyes the sun-gate of the soul unbar,
Being of its furthest fires oracular;—
The evident heart of all life sown and mown.

[1] The "halcyon" days were about the time of the winter solstice. See note to Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*, Pt. II.

Even such Love is ; and is not thy name Love ?
Yea, by thy hand the Love-god rends apart
All gathering clouds of Night's ambiguous art ;
Flings them far down, and sets thine eyes above ;
And simply, as some gage of flower or glove,
Stakes with a smile the world against thy heart.

D. G. ROSSETTI

171.—A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal ;
I had no human fears :
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;
She neither hears nor sees ;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees !

W. WORDSWORTH

172.—DEJECTION: AN ODE

" Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon
With the old Moon in her arms ;
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear,
We shall have a deadly storm !"

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence

WELL ! if the Bard was weather-wise who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,[1]
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade

[1] See vol. ii. (Pt. I.), No. 49.

Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draught, that moans and rakes
Upon the strings of this Eolian lute,[1]
Which better far were mute.
For lo! the new Moon winter-bright;
And overspread with phantom light,
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread,
But rimmed and circled by a silver thread,)
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain and squally blast.
And O that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief
In word, or sigh, or tear—
O Lady![2] in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!

[1] Here, Eolian harp; from Æolus, God of the winds.

[2] In the first edition, "Lady," throughout, was "Edmund"; in an earlier MS., "William": the pronouns, of course, corresponding. The poem had been undoubtedly addressed to Wordsworth. See article by Canon Ainger in *Macmillan's Magazine*, June 1887.

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars ;
Those stars that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen :
Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;
I see them all so excellently fair ;
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are !

My genial spirits fail ;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west :
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are within.

O Lady ! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live :
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

O pure of heart ! *thou* need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be ;

What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy, that ne'er was given
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady, is the spirit and the power
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower—
A new Earth and new Heaven
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud;
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms on ear or sight—
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness;
For Hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
But O, each visitation
Suspends what Nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of imagination:
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient all I can,
And haply by abstruse research to steal

From my own nature all the natural man—
This was my sole resource, my only plan;
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown a habit of my soul.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
Reality's dark dream!
I turn from you and listen to the wind
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony by torture lengthened out
That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that rav'st without!
Bare crag, or mountain-tarn, or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house long held the witches' home,
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee.
Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,
Of dark brown gardens and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st Devil's Yule, with worse than wintry song
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among;
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, even to frenzy bold!
What tell'st thou now about?
'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,
With groans of trampled men with smarting wounds—
At once they groan with pain and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence;
And all that noise, as if a rushing crowd,
With groans and tremulous shudderings—all is over!
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud;

A tale of less affright
And tempered with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay:
'Tis of a little child[1]
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home; but she hath lost her way,
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her
mother hear.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing;
And may this storm be but a mountain birth!
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the sleeping
Earth!
With light heart may she rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes;
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice![2]
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,
Their life the eddying of her living soul!
O simple spirit, guided from above,
Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice!

S. T. COLERIDGE

[1] In allusion to Wordsworth's *Lucy Gray*.

[2] Instead of this line, the first edition has the following six:

"And sing his lofty song, and teach me to rejoice!
O Edmund, friend of my devoutest choice,
O raised from anxious dread and busy care
By the immenseness of the good and fair
Which thou seest everywhere,
Joy lifts thy spirit, joy attunes thy voice."

173.—PROSPICE

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

R. BROWNING

174.—SONNETS

IV

Reunion [1]

(cvii)

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confinèd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,[2]
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rime,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes;
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

(cix)

O never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,

[1] See p. 220.

[2] Pays homage.

Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose: in it thou art my all.

(CXVI)

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:[1]
O no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.[2]
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

W. SHAKSPEARE

[1] *i.e.* To change with that which changes.
[2] *i.e.* Is incalculable by material measurement.

175.—SHEMUEL

SHEMUEL, the Bethlehemite,
Watched a fevered guest at night;
All his fellows fared a-field,
Saw the angel host revealed;
He nor caught the mystic story,
Heard the song, nor saw the glory.

Through the night they gazing stood,
Heard the holy multitude;
Back they came in wonder home,
Knew the Christmas kingdom come,
Eyes aflame, and hearts elated;
Shemuel sat alone, and waited.

Works of mercy now, as then,
Hide the angel host from men;
Hearts atune to earthly love
Miss the angel note above;
Deeds, at which the world rejoices,
Quench the sound of angel voices.

So they thought, nor deemed from whence
His celestial recompense.
Shemuel, by the fever bed,
Touched by beckoning hands that led,
Died, and saw the Uncreated;
All his fellows lived, and waited.

E. E. BOWEN

176.—TO NIGHT

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

J. BLANCO WHITE

177.—AS SHIPS BECALMED

AS ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah! neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides:
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze, and O great seas!
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last!

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

A. H. CLOUGH

178.—ODE TO THE WEST WIND[1]

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,

[1] Note that we have here a series of Shakspearian sonnets

Pestilence-stricken multitudes ; O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill :
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
Destroyer and preserver : hear, O hear !

Thou, on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion
Loose clouds like Earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning,—there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm :—thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : O hear !

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams
Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,

And saw in sleep old palaces and towers[1]
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them; thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,[2]
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

[1] Remains of palaces, streets, etc., projected by means of moles into the sea see Horace, *Od.* ii. 18, 20, and afterwards washed away, may still be traced at the bottom of the bay.

[2] "The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers and of lakes, sympathises with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds that announce it."—P. B. SHELLEY.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My Spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unwakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

P. B. SHELLEY

179.—A VALEDICTION

GOD be with thee, my belovèd,—God be with thee!
Else alone thou goest forth,
Thy face unto the north,
Moor and pleasance, all around thee and beneath thee,
Looking equal in one snow;
While I, who try to reach thee,
Vainly follow, vainly follow,
With the farewell and the hollo,
And cannot reach thee so.
Alas! I can but teach thee:
God be with thee, my belovèd,—God be with thee!

Can I teach thee, my belovèd,—can I teach thee?
If I said, Go left or right,
The counsel would be light,
The wisdom poor of all that could enrich thee;
My right would show like left;
My raising would depress thee;
My choice of life would blind thee;
Of way, would leave behind thee;
Of end, would leave bereft.
Alas! I can but bless thee:
May God teach thee, my belovèd,—may God teach thee!

Can I bless thee, my belovèd,—can I bless thee?
What blessing word can I
From mine own tears keep dry?
What flowers grow in my field wherewith to dress thee?
My good reverts to ill;
My calmnesses would move thee;
My softnesses would prick thee;
My bindings up would break thee;
My crownings, curse and kill.
Alas! I can but love thee:
May God bless thee, my belovèd,—may God bless thee!

Can I love thee, my belovèd,—can I love thee?
And is this like love, to stand
With no help in my hand,
When strong as death I fain would watch above thee?
My love-kiss can deny
No tear that falls beneath it;

Mine oath of love can swear thee
From no ill that comes near thee:
And thou diest while I breathe it;
And I—I can but die!
May God love thee, my belovèd,—may God love thee!

E. B. BROWNING

180.—CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

TENNYSON

PART II

I.—PASSAGES FROM "ENDYMION"

I.—Introduction

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.
Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:

An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast
That, whether there be shine or gloom o'ercast,
They alway must be with us, or we die.

II.—Hymn to Pan

O thou, whose mighty palace-roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx: do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow,
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,

What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossèd realms: O thou, to whom
Broad-leavèd fig-trees even now foredoom
Their ripened fruitage; yellow-girted bees
Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
Their fairest-blossomed beans and poppied corn:
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent-up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year
All its completions: be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine!

Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit;
Or upward ragged precipices flit
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak apples, and fir-cones brown:
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

O hearkener to the loud clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers

A ram goes bleating: winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsmen: breather round our farms
To keep off mildews and all weather harms:
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge: see
Great son of Dryope,
The many that have come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of Heaven,
Then leave the naked brain: be still the leaven
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;[1]
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan
Upon thy Mount Lycean![2]

[1] Pan, originally very local and limited, "one half beast," was regarded by later mythologists as a personification of the Universe, the transformation being aided by their confusion of his name (probably derived from Gk. *pao*, to feed) with Gk. *to pan*, the All.

[2] Pan was born and also worshipped on Mount Lycæus in Arcadia.

III.—The Sleep of Adonis

After a thousand mazes overgone
At last with sudden step he came upon
A chamber, myrtle-walled, embowered high,
Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
And more of beautiful and strange beside:
For on a silken couch of rosy pride,
In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty, fonder in fair sooth
Than sighs could fathom or contentment reach.
And coverlids, gold-tinted like the peach
Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds,
Not hiding up an Apollonian curve
Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting swerve
Of knee from knee, nor ankles pointing light,
But rather giving them to the filled sight
Officiously. Sideway his face reposed
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed
By tenderest pressure a faint damask mouth
To slumbery pout; just as the morning South
Disparts a dew-lipped rose. Above his head
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal, and round him grew
All tendrils green of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined and trammelled fresh:
The vine of glossy sprout, the ivy mesh
Shading its Ethiop berries, and woodbine
Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine;
Convolvulus in streaked vases flush,
The creeper mellowing for an autumn blush,
And virgin's bower, trailing airily;

With others of the sisterhood. Hard by
Stood serene Cupids, watching silently:
One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings,
And ever and anon uprose to look
At the youth's slumber; while another took
A willow bough distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
Rained violets upon his sleeping eyes.

IV.—The "Queen Moon"

Are then regalities all gilded masks?
No: there are thronèd seats unscalable
But by a patient wing, a constant spell,
Or by ethereal things that, uncontined,
Can make a ladder of the eternal wind.

* * * * *

O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in.
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine;
Innumerable mountains rise and rise
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes.
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
And from beneath a sheltering ivy-leaf

Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house. The mighty deeps,
The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
O Moon! far-spooming Ocean bows to thee,
And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load.

V.—The Cave of Quietude

There lies a den,
Beyond the seeming confines of the space
Made for the soul to wander in and trace
Its own existence, of remotest glooms.
Dark regions are around it, where the tombs
Of buried griefs the spirit sees, but scarce
One hour doth linger weeping, for the pierce
Of new-born woe it feels more inly smart;
And in these regions many a venomed dart
At random flies; they are the proper home
Of every ill: the man is yet to come
Who hath not journeyed in this native hell.
But few have ever felt how calm and well
Sleep may be had in that deep den of all.
There anguish does not sting, nor pleasure pall;
Woe hurricanes beat ever at the gate,
Yet all is still within and desolate.
Beset with plaintul gusts, within ye hear
No sound so loud as when on curtained bier
The death-watch tick is stifled. Enter none
Who strive therefore: on the sudden it is won.
Just when the sufferer begins to burn,
Then it is free to him; and from an urn,
Still fed by melting ice, he takes a draught—
Young Semele such richness never quaft

In her maternal longing! Happy gloom!
Dark paradise! where pale becomes the bloom
Of health by due; where silence dreariest
Is most articulate; where hopes infest;
Where those eyes are the brightest far that keep
Their lids shut longest in a dreamless sleep.
O happy spirit-home! O wondrous soul!
Pregnant with such a den to save the whole
In thine own depth. Hail, gentle Carian![1]
For, never since thy griefs and woes began,
Hast thou felt so content: a grievous feud
Hath led thee to this Cave of Quietude.

J. KEATS

2.—THE SPINSTER'S SWEET-ARTS

MILK for my sweet-arts, Bess! fur it mun be the time about now
When Molly cooms in fro' the far-end close wi' her paäils fro' the cow.
Eh! tha be new to the plaäce—thou'rt gaäpin'—doesn't tha see
I calls 'em arter the fellers es once was sweet upo' me?

Naäy to be sewer it be past 'er time. What maäkes 'er sa laäte?
Goä to the laäne at the back, an' looök thruf Maddison's gaäte!

[1] Mount Latmus, in Caria, was the scene of Endymion's story.

Sweet-arts! Molly belike may 'a lighted to-night upo' one.
Sweet-arts! thanks to the Lord that I niver not listened to noän!
So I sits i' my oän armchair wi' my oän kettle theere o' the hob,
An' Tommy the fust, an' Tommy the second, an' Steevie an' Rob.

Rob, coom oop 'ere o' my knee. Thou sees that i' spite o' the men
I 'a kep' thruf thick an' thin my two 'oonderd a-year to mysen;
Yis! thaw tha call'd me es pretty es ony lass i' the Shere,
An' thou be es pretty a Tabby; but, Robby, I seed thruf ya theere.

Feyther 'ud saäy I wur ugly es sin, an' I beänt not vaäin,
But I niver wur downright hugly, thaw soom 'ud 'a thowt ma plaäin,
An' I wasn't sa plaäin i' pink ribbons, ye said I wur pretty i' pinks,
An' I liked to 'ear it I did, but I beänt sich a fool as ye thinks;
Ye was stroäkin ma down wi' the 'air, as I be a-stroäkin o' you,
But whiniver I looöked i' the glass I wur sewer that it couldn't be true;
Niver wur pretty, not I, but ye knaw'd it wur pleasant to 'ear,
Thaw it warn't not me es wur pretty, but my two 'oonderd a-year.

D'ya mind the murnin' when we was a-walkin' to-
gither, an' stood
By the claäy'd-oop pond, that the foälk be sa scared
at, i' Gigglesby wood,
Wheer the poor wench drowndid hersen, black
Sal, es 'ed been disgraäced ?
An' I feel'd thy arm es I stood wur a-creeäpin
about my waäist ;
An' me es wur allus afear'd of a man's gittin' ower
fond,
I sidled awaäy an' awaäy till I plumpt foot fust i'
the pond ;
And, Robby, I niver 'a liked tha sa well, as I did
that daäy,
Fur tha joompt in thysen, an' tha hoickt my feet
wi' a flop fro' the claäy.
Ay, stick oop thy back, an' set oop thy taäil, tha
ma gie me a kiss,
Fur I walk'd wi' tha all the way hoam an' wur
niver sa nigh saäyin' Yis.
But wa boäth was i' sich a clat we was shaämed to
cross Gigglesby Greeän ;
Fur a cat may looök at a king, thou knaws, but the
cat mun be cleän.
Sa we boäth on us kep out o' sight o' the winders
o' Gigglesby Hinn—
Naäy, but the claws o' tha ! quiet ! they pricks
cleän thruf to the skin—
An' wa boäth slinkt 'oäm by the brokken shed i'
the laäne at the back,
Wheer the poodle runn'd at tha once, an' thou
runn'd oop o' the thack ;
An' tha squeedg'd my 'and i' the shed. fur theere
we was forced to 'ide,

Fur I seed that Steevie wur coomin', and one o' the Tommies beside.

Theere now, what art' a mewin at, Steevie? for owt I can tell—
Robby wur fust to be sewer, or I mowt 'a liked tha as well.

But, Robby, I thowt o' tha all the while I wur chaängin' my gown,
An' I thowt shall I chaänge my staäte? but, O Lord, upo' coomin' down—
My bran-new carpet es fresh es a midder o' flowers i' Maäy—
Why 'edn't tha wiped thy shoes? it wur clatted all ower wi' claäy.
An' I could 'a cried ammost, fur I seed that it couldn't be;
An', Robby, I gied tha a raätin that sattled thy courtin o' me.
An' Molly an' me was agreed, as we was a-cleänin' the floor,
That a man be a durty thing an' a trouble an' plague wi' indoor.
But I rued it arter a bit, fur I stuck to tha moor na the rest;
But I couldn't 'a lived wi' a man, an' I knaws it be all fur the best.

Naäy—let ma stroäk tha down till I maäkes tha es smooth es silk,
But if I 'ed married tha, Robby, thou'd not 'a been worth thy milk,

Thou'd niver 'a cotched ony mice but 'a left me the work to do,
And 'a taäen to the bottle beside, so es all that I 'ears be true ;
But I loovs tha to maäke thysen 'appy, an' soa purr awaäy, my dear,
Thou 'ed wellnigh purred ma awaäy fro' my oän two 'oonderd a-year.

Sweärin agean, you Toms, as ye used to do twelve year sin' !
Ye niver 'eärd Steevie sweär 'cep' it wur at a dog coomin' in.
An' boath o' ye mun be fools to be hallus a-shawin' your claws,
Fur I niver cared nothink for neither –an' one o' ye deäd, ye knaws !
Coom, giv hoäver then, weant ye ? I warrant ye soom fine daäy—
Theere, lig down—I shall hev to gie one or tother awaäy.
Can't ye taäke pattern by Steevie ? ye shant hev a drop fro' the paäil.
Steevie be right good manners bang thruf to the tip o' the taäil.

Robby, git down wi' tha, wilt tha ? let Steevie coom oop o' my knee.
Steevie, my lad, thou 'ed very nigh been the Steevie fur me !
Robby wur fust to be sewer, 'e wur burn an' bred i' the 'ouse,
But thou be es 'ansom a tabby es iver patted a mouse.

An' I beänt not vaäin, but I knaws I 'ed led tha a
quieter life
Nor her wi' the hepitaph yonder : "A faäithful
an' loovin' wife!"
An' 'cos o' thy farm by the beck, an' thy windmill
oop o' the croft,
Tha thowt tha would marry ma, did tha? but that
wur a bit ower soft,
Thaw thou was es soäber es daäy, wi' a niced red
faäce, an' es cleän
Es a shillin' fresh fro' the mint wi' a bran-new 'eäd
o' the Queeän,
An' thy farmin' es cleän es thysen, fur, Steevie,
tha kep' it sa neät
That I niver not spied sa much es a poppy along
wi' the wheät,
An' the wool of a thistle a-flyin' an' seeädin' tha
haäted to see ;
'Twur es bad es a battle-twig[1] 'ere i' my oän blue
chaumber to me.
Ay, roob thy whiskers ageän ma, fur I could 'a
taäen to tha well,
But fur thy bairns, poor Steevie, a bouncin' boy
an' a gell.

An' thou was es fond o' thy bairns es I be mysen
o' my cats,
But I niver not wished fur childer, I hevn't naw
likin' fur brats ;
Pretty anew when ya dresses 'em oop, an' they
goäs fur a walk,
Or sits wi' their 'ands afoor 'em, an' doesn't not
'inder the talk!

[1] Earwig.

But their bottles o' pap, an' their mucky bibs, an' the clats an' the clouts,
An' their mashin' their toys to pieäces an' maäkin' ma deäf wi' their shouts,
An' hallus a-joompin' about ma as if they was set upo' springs,
An' a haxin' ma hawkard questions, an' saäyin' ondecent things,
An' a-callin' ma "hugly," mayhap, to my faäce, or a teärin' my gown—
Dear! dear! dear! I mun part them Tommies—Steevie, git down.

Ye be wuss nor the men-tommies, you. I tell'd ya, na moor o' that!
Tom, lig theere o' the cushion, an' tother Tom 'ere o' the mat.

Theere! I ha' mastered *them!* Hed I married the Tommies—O Lord,
To loove an' obaäy the Tommies! I couldn't 'a stuck by my word.
To be hordered about, an' waäked, when Molly 'd put out the light,
By a man coomin' in wi' a hiccup at ony hour o' the night!
An' the taäble staäined wi' 'is aäle, an' the mud o' 'is boots o' the stairs,
An' the stink o' 'is pipe i' the 'ouse, an' the mark o' 'is 'eäd o' the chairs!
An' noän o' my four sweet-arts 'ud 'a let me 'a hed my oän waäy;
Sa I likes 'em best wi' taäils, when they 'evn't a word to saäy.

An' I sits 'i my oän little parlour, an' sarved by my oän little lass,
Wi' my oän little garden outside, an' my oän bed o' sparrow-grass,
An' my oän door-poorch wi' the woodbine an' jessmine a-dressin' it greeän,
An' my oän fine Jackman i' purple [1] a roäbin' the 'ouse like a Queeän.

An' the little gells bobs to ma hoffens es I be abroad i' the laänes,
When I goäs fur to coomfut the poor es be down wi' their haäches an' their paäins ;
An' a haäf-pot o' jam, or a mossel o' meät when it beänt too dear,
They maäkes me a graäter Laädy nor 'er i' the mansion theer,
Hes 'es hallus to hax of a man how much to spare or to spend ;
An' a spinster I be an' I will be, if soä pleäse God, to the hend.

Mew ! mew !—Bess wi' the milk ! what ha maäde our Molly sa laäte ?
It should a' been 'ere by seven, an' theere—it be strikin' height—
"Cushie wur craäzed fur 'er cauf" well—I 'eärd 'er a maäkin' 'er moän,
An' I thowt to mysen "thank God that I hevn't naw cauf o my oän."
Theere !
Set it down !
Now, Robby !

[1] A purple clematis.

You Tommies shall waäit to-night
Till Robby an' Steevie 'es 'ed their lap—an' it sarves ye right.

TENNYSON

3.—ITALIAN PICTURES

(FROM "CHILDE HAROLD")

I.—ITALY

THE clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er
May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region, where
The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages
Who glorify thy consecrated pages.
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires: still
The fount at which the panting mind assuages
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill.

* * * *

Italia![1] O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became

[1] The following two stanzas are a translation of Filicaja's *Sonnet to Italy*. It will be remembered that Byron wrote at a time when Italy was not only disunited but partially enslaved.

A funeral dower of present woes and past :
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
O God ! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldest claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress :

Then mightst thou more appal ; or, less desired,
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplored
For thy destructive charms ; then, still untired,
Would not be seen the armèd torrents poured
Down the deep Alps ; nor would the hostile horde
Of many-nationed spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water ; nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence ; and so
Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of friend or foe.

II.—Venice

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
A palace and a prison [1] on each hand :
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land

[1] The Palace of the Doges and the State Prisons.

Looked to the wingèd Lion's [1] marble piles
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles !

She looks a sea [2] Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers [2]
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers :
And such she was ;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers ;
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear :
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here ;
States fall, Arts fade,—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

[1] The wingèd Lion (Rev. iv. 7, 8) was the emblem of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice.

[2] The word "sea" is emphatic, Cybele being the goddess of the Earth. She is represented as wearing a "mural" or tower-shaped crown. So Milton (*Arcades*) "towred Cybele"; and Spenser (*Faery Queen*, iv. 11)—

> "Old Cybele . . .
> Wearing a diadem embattled wide
> With hundred turrets."

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanished sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre,[1] cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;[2]
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,
The Bucentaur[3] lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his Lion where he stood
Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,
Over the proud Place[4] where an Emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian[5] reigns—
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt,
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities. Nations melt

[1] In Otway's *Venice Preserved.*

[2] In allusion to the annual "wedding" of the Adriatic, in sign of supremacy, by the Doges of Venice.

[3] The Venetian State-gondola.

[4] The Piazza of St. Mark. Here the Emperor Barbarossa made submission to Pope Alexander III. (1177).

[5] Venice was subject in turn to France and Austria from 1797 to 1866.

From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go
Like lauwine [1] loosened from the mountain's belt.
O for one hour of blind old Dandolo,[2]
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe!

III.—The Falls of Terni [3]

The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon,[4] curls round the rocks of jet
That guard the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald:—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,

[1] Avalanche (Ger.)

[2] One of the most famous of the Doges, who, in 1204, when old and blind, headed a victorious attack on Constantinople.

[3] Formed by the Velino, near Terni, about half-way between Rome and Perugia. Shelley's prose description, in his *Letters*, should be read in connection with Byron's.

[4] The "flaming": one of the rivers of Tartarus.

Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and
rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful
vent

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers which flow gushingly
With many windings through the vale:—Look
back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless catar-
act,

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a deathbed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn;
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

IV.—Rome

O Rome, my country, city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.

What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye,
Whose agonies are evils of a day:
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago:
The Scipios' tomb[1] contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers. Dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap

[1] On the Appian Way. The Sarcophagi have been transferred to the Vatican.

All round us ; we but feel our way to err :
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap ;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections ; now we clap
Our hands, and cry "*Eureka !* it is clear"—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.[1]

Alas the lofty city ! and alas
The trebly hundred triumphs ! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page !—but these shall be
Her resurrection ; all beside—decay.
Alas for Earth ! for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome
was free.

* * * *

Yet, Freedom, yet thy banner, torn but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind ;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and
dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind !
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth ;
But the sap lasts : and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North.
So shall a better Spring less bitter fruit bring forth !

[1] All this is now changed, the ruins having been, for the most part, unearthed, identified, and labelled.

V.—The Grotto of Egeria[1]

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy[2] of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed Genius of the place;
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works,[3] nor must the delicate waters sleep
Prisoned in marble; bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue,[4] with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms; through the grass

[1] See the legend of Numa and Egeria. Doubt has been thrown upon the identity of the grotto here described with that of the historians.

[2] Hallucination.

[3] In allusion to Juvenal, who regrets that the waters should be confined in a marble tank.

[4] A mutilated figure, supposed to be that of Egeria.

The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass ;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step,[1] and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems coloured
by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ;
The purple midnight veiled that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell ?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamoured goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle !

VI.—The Colosseum[2]

Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands ; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here to illume
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

[1] *i.e.* Implore the step to pause.

[2] This is the right spelling, the amphitheatre having received its name from its colossal size.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of
Heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory.[1] There is given
Unto the things of Earth which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its
dower.

I see before me the Gladiator lie ;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the
wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay :
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian[2] mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

[1] Cp. Shelley's description in his *Letters* (Kegan Paul).

[2] Dacia was a Roman province, whence captives were imported for the games.

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam,
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roared or murmured like a mountain stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;
Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,[1]
My voice sounds much—and fall the star's faint rays
On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bowed—
And galleries where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin ! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared ;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared ?
Alas ! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared :
It will not bear the brightness of the day,[2]
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

But when the rising moon[2] begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air

[1] The caprice of the spectators decided the fate of the vanquished.

[2] Cp. "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright, etc." (*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*)

The garland-forest [1] which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head ;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead :
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

VII.—St. Peter's

But lo ! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome
To which Diana's marvel [2] was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above His martyr's tomb !
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle ;—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyæna and the jackal in their shade ;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have surveyed
Its sanctuary the while the usurping [3] Moslem prayed.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee— [4]
Worthiest of God, the Holy and the True.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook His former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures in His honour piled,

[1] Not a flower is now allowed to grow on the ruins.

[2] The temple of Diana at Ephesus.

[3] It will be remembered that the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople (dedicated to the Wisdom of the Apocrypha) was originally a Christian Church.

[4] Contrast the impression made on Shelley (*Letters*).

Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? It is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His brow.

BYRON

4.—CHRISTABEL

PART I

'TIS the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu-whit!——Tu-whoo![1]
And hark again the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew!

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
From her kennel beneath the rock
She maketh answer to the clock;
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

[1] This line has four accents.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothèd knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?

There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone.
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

"Mary-mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel) and who art thou?"

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:—
"Have pity on my sore distress;
I scarce can speak for weariness:

Stretch forth thy hand and have no fear!"
Said Christabel; "How camest thou here?"
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

"My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine:
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn;
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white,
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced, I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee."

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand
And comforted fair Geraldine:
"O well, bright dame, may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;

And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth, and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose: and forth with steps they past
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
"All our household are at rest,
The hall is silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesy
This night, to share your couch with me."

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:[1]
Then the lady rose again,
And moved as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were,

[1] Inability to cross a threshold of her own accord, or to give utterance to sacred words, were characteristics of a witch.

And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side;
"Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!"
"Alas, alas!" said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness."[1]
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
"O softly tread," said Christabel;
"My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And, jealous of the listening air,

[1] See note, p. 349.

They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer and now in gloom ;
And now they pass the Baron's room
As still as death with stifled breath,
And now have reached her chamber door ;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet :
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet ;
The silver lamp burns dead and dim,
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine !
It is a wine of virtuous powers ;
My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn ?"
Christabel answered : "Woe is me !
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell
How on her deathbed she did say

That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day:
O mother dear, that thou wert here!"
"I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"
But soon with altered voice said she—
"Off, wandering mother,—peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee."[1]
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me?"

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to Heaven her eyes so blue:
"Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!"
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'tis over now."

Again the wild-flower wine she drank;
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank
The lofty lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake:
"All they who live in the upper sky

[1] Ghosts appeared in answer to the words of invocation, even when uttered insincerely. So Macbeth's "Would he were here!" of Banquo, was followed by the entrance of his ghost.

Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake,
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself, for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "so let it be."
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her eyes to close;
So halfway from the bed she rose
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe and inner vest
Dropt to her feet, and full in view
Behold her bosom and half her side—
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs:
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,

And eyes the maid and seeks delay ;
Then suddenly, as one defied,
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the maiden's side,
And in her arms the maid she took,—
Ah well-a-day !
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say :
" In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel !
Thou knowest to-night and wilt know to-morrow
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow ;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair ;
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air."

* * * *

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak tree,
Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows ;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast ;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face, O call it fair, not pale—

And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis
Dreaming that alone which is—
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu-whoo! tu-whoo!
Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! from wood and fell.
And see! the lady Christabel,
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile,
As infants at a sudden light.
Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,

Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance 'tis but the blood so free
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere?
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call,
For the blue sky bends over all.

Part II

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said
When he rose and found his lady dead.
These words Sir Leoline will say
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and the law
That still at dawn the sacristan
Who duly pulls the heavy bell
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Windermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, "So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.

In Langdale Pike[1] and Witch's Lair
And Dungeon-ghyll[2] so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The deathnote to their living brother;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devils mock the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borodale.[3]

The air is still! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And, nothing doubting of her spell,
Awakens the lady Christabel.
"Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side,
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!
Nay, fairer yet, and yet more fair;
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep.

[1] Two peaks at the head of the vale of Langdale, Westmoreland.

[2] A chasm in the vale of Langdale, through which the water of a little stream falls vertically from a considerable height. See Wordsworth's *Dungeon Ghyll.*

[3] Borrowdale, near Keswick.

And while she spake, her looks, her air,
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That, so it seemed, her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
"Sure I have sinned!" said Christabel;
"Now Heaven be praised if all be well!"
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet,
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He who on the Cross did groan
Might wash away her sins unknown,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And, pacing on through page and groom,
Enter the Baron's presence room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same
As might beseem so bright a dame.

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,

Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?[1]

Alas! they had been friends in youth:
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline:
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face;
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swelled high with rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side
He would proclaim it far and wide

[1] Triermain, a fief of Gilsland (Cumberland), passed to the De Vaux at the Conquest. Its chiefs were famous in Border warfare. See Scott's *Bridal of Triermain*.

With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they who thus had wronged the dame
Were base as spotted infamy.
"And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney court—that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!"
He spake; his eye in lightning rolls:
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again—
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid, such sights to see?)—
Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
Whereat the knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,

Had put a rapture in her breast
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise
"What ails then my beloved child?"
The Baron said—His daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

Yet he who saw this Geraldine
Had deemed her sure a thing divine:
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion!

"Nay!
"Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.
"Ho! Bracy, the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best,
To bear thy harp and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along;
Lest wandering folks that are abroad
Detain you on the valley road.
And when he has crossed the Irthing[1] flood—
My merry bard—he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,

[1] The Irthing divides Cumberland and Northumberland.

And reaches soon that Castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

"Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet:
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call:
'Thy daughter is safe in Langdale Hall!
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay
With all thy numerous array
And take thy lovely daughter home;
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array,
White with their panting palfreys' foam.'—
And, by mine honour! I will say
That I repent me of the day
When I spoke words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!
For since that evil hour hath flown
Many a summer's sun hath shone,
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious hail on all bestowing:
"Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell:
Yet, might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be;
So strange a dream hath come to me,

That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warned by a vision in my rest.
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird whom thou dost love
And call'st by thine own daughter's name—
Sir Leoline! I saw the same
Fluttering and uttering fearful moan
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wondered what might ail the bird;
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old
tree.

"And in my dream methought I went
To search out what might there be found,
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry:
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take;
When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck,
Green as the herbs on which it couched:
Close by the dove's its head it crouched,
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers.
I woke: it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away—
It seems to live upon my eye!

And thence I vowed this self-same day
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there."

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-listening, heard him with a smile:
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love:
And said in courtly accents fine:
"Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
With arms more strong than harp or song
Thy sire and I will crush the snake!"
He kissed her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine, in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathering up her train
That on her right arm fell again,
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel—
Jesu Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head—
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At Christabel she looked askance!
One moment—and the sight was fled:
But Christabel in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground,
Shuddered aloud with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round:

And like a thing that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone:
She nothing sees—no sight but one!
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise
So deeply hath she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind,
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate!
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance
With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view—
As far as such a look could be
In eyes so innocent and blue.
And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly prayed;
Then, falling at the Baron's feet,
"By my mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away!"
She said: and more she could not say:
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'ermastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same for whom thy lady died!

O by the pangs of her dear mother
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died:
Prayed that the babe for whom she died
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride.
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir Leoline!
And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts like these had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage;
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild.
Dishonoured thus in his old age—
Dishonoured by his only child;
And all his hospitality
To the wronged daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy
Brought thus to a disgraceful end—
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere:
"Why, Bracy, dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence!" The bard obeyed;
And, turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine![1]

* * * *

S. T. COLERIDGE

[1] The poem was never finished.

5.—HYMN ON THE NATIVITY

This is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, Heavenly Muse,[1] shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

[1] Urania (the heavenly one), originally the Muse of Astronomy, but invoked by Milton and later poets as the Muse of high poetry. See *Par. Lost*, vii. 1-12.

See how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wisards [1] haste with odours sweet!
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

The Hymn

It was the Winter wild
While the Heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to Him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair.
She woos the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,[2]

[1] Wise men (not magicians).
[2] The spheres collectively.

His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace[1] through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hookèd chariot[2] stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sate still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The Winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.[3]

The Stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight

[1] There is said to have been peace throughout the Roman Empire about the time of the birth of Christ.

[2] A Keltic war-chariot (Lat. *covinus*), armed with sickles.

[3] The "halcyon days" (see legend of Alcyone) extend from Dec. 14-28.

For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer [1] that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As [2] his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn [3]
Or ere the point of dawn
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than [4]
That the mighty Pan [5]
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

[1] "Light-bearer": the morning star.
[2] As if.
[3] An open space; here, pasture.
[4] Then.
[5] See note 1, p. 48.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier[1] union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe[2] of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefast[3] night arrayed;
The helmèd Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made
But when of old the Sons of Morning[4] sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,

[1] *i.e.* Happier than that effected by Nature's harmony. See No. 40.
[2] Mass.
[3] The right spelling; like *steadfast*, etc.
[4] See *Job*, xxxviii. 7. Also *Par. Lost*, vii. 253-259.

If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony [1]
Make up full consort [2] to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the Age of Gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould; [3]
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,[4]
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No;
This must not yet be so:
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross

[1] The "music of the spheres." See note 1, p. 114. A ninth sphere, the *primum mobile*, which set the rest in motion, was added later.

[2] See note 1, p. 54.

[3] The Earth.

[4] In allusion to the story of Astræa (see Class. Dict.)

Must redeem our loss,
So both Himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep;

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake:
The agèd Earth agast
With terror of that blast
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges[1] the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb;[2]
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving:
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;

[1] Lashes.

[2] It was a common belief that oracles ceased with the birth of Christ.

No nightly trance or breathèd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.[1]

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale
Edged with poplar pale
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth
And on the holy hearth
The Lars and Lemures[2] moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor[3] and Baalim[4]
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god[5] of Palestine;

[1] Lat. *cella:* the inner part of a temple, whence the oracle was given.

[2] The Lares haunted the "hearth"; the Lemures, or Manes, the "consecrated earth."

[3] For this and other divinities, see Class. or Bible Dict. Also *Par. Lost*, i. 381-489.

[4] Plural of Baal.

[5] Dagon.

And moonèd Ashtaroth [1]
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Libyc [2] Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbal's ring
They call the grisly King,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris [3] seen
In Memphian grove, or green,
Trampling the unshowered [4] grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest:
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud:
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,

[1] Here, Astoreth (Astarte), the Phœnician moon-goddess. Elsewhere the two names are distinguished. See *Par. Lost*, i. 422, 438.
[2] Lat. *Libycus*, Libyan.
[3] Used for Apis.
[4] In allusion to the little rain in Egypt.

Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling bands[1] control the damnèd crew.

So, when the sun in bed
Curtained with cloudy red
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail;
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave:
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.[2]

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemèd[3] star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.[4]

J. MILTON

6.—MORTE D'ARTHUR[5]

So all day long the noise of battle[6] rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea;

[1] See story of the infant Hercules and the Serpent.
[2] See *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii.
[3] Last-born. [4] See note 1, p. 28.
[5] For legends of the birth and passing of Arthur, see Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* (Globe Edition).
[6] See *The Passing of Arthur* (*Idylls of the King*), with which the *Morte d'Arthur* is now incorporated.

Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonness about their Lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Though Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten through the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,[1]
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I rowed across
And took it, and have worn it like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:

[1] Said to mean *Cut-steel.*

But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept
And in the moon, athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw: but at the last it seemed
Better to leave Excalibur concealed
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseemed
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had followed, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."
Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud,
"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,

Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost."
So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."
To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widowed of the power in his eye
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."
Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,

And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not though I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."
And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully, with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad;
Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crags that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armèd heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these

Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from
them rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the
barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three
Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and
wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his
hands,
And called him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was
white
And colourless, and like the withered moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dashed with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parched with
dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his
lips.
So like a shattered column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,

Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."
And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;[1]
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

TENNYSON

7.—THE RAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door.

[1] Lit. apple-island: said to be Glastonbury, which was formerly surrounded by water. But see *Odyssey*, iv. 563-566.

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered,
"Tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow:—
Vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—
Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic
Terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door—
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly
Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact, is I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—
Here I opened wide the door:—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
Ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
Was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo
Murmured back the word, "Lenore!"—
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping
Something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is
Something at my window lattice:
Let me see then what thereat is,
And this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment
And this mystery explore:—
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven
Of the saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he ;
Not a minute stopped or stayed he ;
But, with mien of lord or lady,
Perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then—this ebony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore—
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven,
Wandering from the nightly shore :
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the night's Plutonian shore !"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—
Little relevancy bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing
Bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured
Bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely
On that placid bust, spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in
That one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered,
Not a feather then he fluttered:
Till I scarcely more than muttered,
"Other friends have flown before:
On the morrow he will leave me
As my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters
Is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master
Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster
Till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that
Melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never, nevermore!'"

But the Raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
Front of bird and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
What this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
Gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
Burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining
That the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining
With the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah! nevermore.

Then methought the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls
Tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—
By these angels He hath sent thee—
Respite: respite and nepenthe
From thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe
And forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether
Tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—
Tell me truly, I implore—
Is there, is there balm in Gilead?

Tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil,
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us,
By that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden
If, within the distant Aden,[1]
It shall clasp a sainted maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest
And the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken;
Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and
Take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon's that is dreaming,

[1] Paradise: a form of *Eden*.

And the lamplight o'er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

E. A. POE

8.—LYCIDAS

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned friend,[1] unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels,[2] and once more
Ye myrtles[2] brown, with ivy[2] never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.[3]
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme:[4]
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

[1] Edward King, born 1612. [2] Emblems of poetry.
[3] Milton had already written *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Comus*, but did not believe himself to have attained the "inward ripeness" necessary to a poet. See No. 73.
[4] King had written some Latin poems.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well [1]
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string ;
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :
So may some gentle Muse [2]
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.[3]
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,[4]
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill ;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field ; and both together heard
What time the gray-fly [5] winds her sultry horn ;
Battening [6] our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to th' oaten flute ;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn ;

[1] Aganippe, in Mount Helicon, near which was an altar to Jove. [2] Poet. [3] Coffin.
[4] They were fellow-collegians of Christ's College, Cambridge.
[5] The trumpet-fly, whose hum is loudest in the heat of the day. [6] Feeding.

The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays :—
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona [1] high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard [2] stream :
Ay me ! I fondly dream
Had ye been there—for what could that have done ?
What could the Muse [3] herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
Whom universal nature did lament ;
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?
Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate [4] the thankless Muse ?
Were it not better done as others use,[5]
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?

[1] Anglesea.
[2] The Dee was said to have certain magical properties.
[3] Calliope. See the story of Orpheus. [4] Practise.
[5] In allusion to the lighter love-poetry of the day.

Fame is the spur that the clear[1] spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind),
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorrèd shears,
And splits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil;
Nor in the glistering foil[2]
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove.
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse,[3] and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius,[3] crowned with vocal reeds!
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat[4] proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea.[5]
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain,
And questioned every gust of ruggèd wings
That blows from off each beakèd promontory:
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippodatès[6] their answer brings,

[1] Illustrious (Lat. *clarus*).
[2] Gold-leaf (Lat. *folium*), without substance.
[3] Used for pastoral poetry, in allusion to Theocritus and Vergil. See the story of Arethusa and Alphæus.
[4] Song: see "oaten flute," above.
[5] *i.e.* Deputed by Neptune to hold inquiry.
[6] Aeolus, son of Hippotes.

That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed ;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters [1] played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse,[2] and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus,[3] reverend sire, went footing slow ;
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge
Inwrought with figures dim,[4] and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower [5] inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot [6] of the Galilean lake ;
Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such [7] as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.

[1] The Nereids.

[2] Everything done during an eclipse was said to be ill-omened.

[3] The Cam (for Cambridge).

[4] Said to be an allusion to the antiquity of Cambridge.

[5] The hyacinth (see Class. Dict.), inscribed with marks said to resemble the Greek αι, alas! In an earlier edition of *Lycidas*, Milton introduces among his flowers of "sad embroidery"

"That sad flower that strove
To write his own woes on the vermeil grain."

[6] St. Peter. King was preparing to take Holy Orders.

[7] In bitter allusion to "our corrupted clergy."

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how
to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt ought else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's [1] art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They
are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy [2] songs
Grate on their scrannel [3] pipes of wretched straw:
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
But, swol'n with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf [4] with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
—But that two-handed engine [5] by the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alphéus: the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,[6]
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks;
On whose fresh lap the swart star [7] sparely
looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes

[1] By a natural transition, the shepherd is first a poet, then a pastor.

[2] Insipid.

[3] Thin.

[4] The Church of Rome.

[5] Probably used generally of the coming retribution.

[6] Arethusa. See note 3, p. 395. The stream of lament for Lycidas had been checked by gloomier thoughts, but now flows on.

[7] Variously explained as the Sun, the Dog-star, and Saturn. The second seems the most probable.

That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers ;
Bring the rathe [1] primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and white jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies :
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.[2]
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away,—where'er thy bones are hurled ;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ; [3]
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus [4] old,
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount [5]
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's [6] hold :
—Look homeward, Angel,[7] now, and melt with ruth,
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth !
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more ;
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,

[1] Early. So *rather* = earlier, sooner.
[2] Because he could never be laid "in English earth."
[3] The world of monsters.
[4] *i.e.* The fabled Bellerus : a giant's name, said to be coined from *Bellerium* (Cornwall).
[5] St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.
[6] Both near Cape Finisterre.
[7] St. Michael.

Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more,
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric [1] lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.[2]

J. MILTON

[1] The favourite dialect of pastoral poems: hence, pastoral.

[2] See note 1, p. 28.

9.—THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

Prelude to Part First

Over his keys the musing organist,
  Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
  And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
  Gives hope and fervour, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
  Along the wavering vista of his dream.

    Not only around our infancy
    Doth Heaven with all its splendours lie;[1]
    Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
    We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
  Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
  With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
  Waits with its *benedicite;*
And to our age's drowsy blood
  Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us:
  The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
  We bargain for the graves we lie in.
At the devil's booth are all things sold:
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

[1] See Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality.*

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking.
'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking:
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay:
Now the heart is so full that a drop o'erfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how:
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living;
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;

The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

Part First

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail:
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep:
Here on the rushes will I sleep.
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees;
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray:
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be
Save to lord or lady of high degree.

Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied ;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight :
  Green and broad was every tent,
  And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
  In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
  Had cast them forth : so young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.[1]

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
  And morning in the young knight's heart ;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
  And gloomed by itself apart :
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

[1] The cup, or dish, said to have been used by Our Lord at the Last Supper. See *The Holy Grail* (*Idylls of the King*), *Sir Galahad*, etc.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a Leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate ;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came ;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armour 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall ;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn :—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The Leper raised not the gold from the dust :
" Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door ;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold ;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty ;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a God goes with it and makes it store [1]
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

[1] Plenty.

Prelude to Part Second

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare.
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams:
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight:
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through; and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one.

No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice:
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp;
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was—"Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch;

And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

Part Second

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was numb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazen the Cross,—
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago:

He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms!"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the gruesome thing,
The Leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said,—"I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree:
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side.
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me:
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

Then the soul of the Leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust:
He parted in twain his single crust,

He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the Leper to eat and drink.
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The Leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the Temple of God in Man.
His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail:
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
This crust is My Body broken for thee,
This water His Blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me."

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armour up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall:
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough.
No longer scowl the turrets tall;
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er:
When the first poor outcast went in at the door
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round.
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

J. R. Lowell

10.—LAODAMÍA

"With sacrifice, before the rising morn,
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the Infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:

Celestial pity I again implore :—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore ! "

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands ;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands ;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows ;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror ! what hath she perceived ?—O joy !
What doth she look on ?—whom doth she behold ?
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy ?
His vital presence ? his corporeal mould ?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he !
And a God leads him, wingèd Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear : " Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamía ! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air.
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space :
Accept the gift ; behold him face to face ! "

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp :
Again that consummation she essayed ;
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne:
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon, and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamía, doth not leave
His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were depressed
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
Thou should'st elude the malice of the grave:

Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

"No Spectre greets me—no vain Shadow this;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is passed:
Nor should the changed be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish.—Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion, for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah! wherefore?—Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The Gods to us are merciful—and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distressed,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow——" "Peace!" he said—
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure:
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey:

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry

Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and
night;

"And while my youthful peers before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in counsel were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given:—I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains,
flowers;
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die?'
In soul I swept the indignity away.
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow:
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest reunion in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised:
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end:
For this the passion to excess was driven,
That self might be annulled; her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."—

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-appears!
Round the dear Shade she would have clung—'tis vain:
The hours are past—too brief, had they been years—
And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift, towards the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished, and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.[1]

[1] It is interesting to trace the changes in Wordsworth's thought which consigned Laodamía in turn to the *Paradiso*,

—Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died ;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight :
A constant interchange of growth and blight !

W. WORDSWORTH

11.—THE SCHOOLMASTERS

(SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY A MANXMAN)

WHAT'S he sayin ? God bless the falla !
Love is love even in a sheep—
There's some that takes it middlin shalla ;
But there's some that takes it very deep.

Inferno, and *Purgatorio* of classical mythology. In the first edition we have, instead of the above stanza—

"Ah ! judge her gently who so deeply loved ;
Her who, in reason's spite, yet without crime,
Was in a trance of passion thus removed ;
Delivered from the galling yoke of time
And these frail elements, to gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers."

In a later edition we find her condemned to "a grosser clime," with no expressed hope of remission ; and finally, to the temporary exile of the text. See *Contemporary Review*, Nov. 1878. *Text of Wordsworth's Poems.*

You mind me tellin of Jemmy Jem,
And the son and the daughter, him and them
Up at the Church agate of[1] the carols—
"Shepherds watchin," "Hark the harals!"
That night the *Christmas* come ashore?

Three schools in the parish
Them times, I remember, and putty fairish
For the lek, I think. There was one at the Church,
And the little Lhen wasn' left in the lurch—
A school there, and one at the Sandy,
Up the gill, that was terbil handy
For the Jurby people; besides the school
In the town, where none of us went as a rule.

Now the school at the Church was countin the head
Of the three. And Clukish, bedad,
Was a splandid masther—lek[2] Jemmy Jem
For shortness, but Clukish all the same—
James Clukish; and sarvin for clerk
As well as schoolmaster. And Mark
Was the name of the son, called Marky the Bird;
And the daughter, Maggie: they hadn' a third.

But the school at the Lhen was just for childhar,
Enfans in perricuts: Danny Bewildhar
Was the name of the Masther, callin him out
Of his proper name, that was Danny the Spout;
At laste—I don't know; but Skillicorn,
I've heard them sayin, the man was born.

[1] Engaged in.

[2] *Lek* (like) is often explanatory: "that is to say," "so to speak," etc.

Poor ould Dan—aw, bless your sowl! —
Now, was it Skillicorn or Cowle?

* * * *

Well, me and Maggie, I'll engage,
Was just about the same age;
And Mark, of coorse, would be younger rather;
And the two of them goin to school to the father:
But me to the little school at the Lhen,
With Danny Bewildhar—poor ould Dan!
The like of a school like that you never—
Aw! Danny thought he was taechin clever;
But letters? no! The A B C?
And spells, and that? All fiddlededee!
"Latthars!" he'd say; "idikkiliss!
Just clap a Testament in their fiss,
And off they go—aw, bless your heart!
They'll read soon enough, if ye give them a start.
Latthars! latthars! bewild'rin the childhar"—
And so they were callin him Danny Bewildhar.

Poor Dan! "A start," he said; "only a start!"
But, of coorse, we were gettin it off by heart.
That was Dan. So we wasn' goin
To the same school; but still I was knowin
The two very well. They were just a taste
Shuperior lek, the way they were dressed—
Shoes and stockins—and me—aw, chut!
Never had such a thing on my fut
Except on Sunday.
But meetin them down
On the shore very often, or up on a ground
We were callin the Lhergy, covered with goss
And flowers. And aw the nice it was

Of an everin to be up there
And hear them singin! Well, I declare
It was mortal altogether! You see
There's nothin pleasanter to me:
I was allis terbil fond of music—
Not of my own! aw, I'd have the whole crew sick
If once I begun on you—No, no, no!
But this Maggie—beautiful! up she'd go,
Up—up—up, to the very sky.
"Give us the lark!" I'd say, and she'd fly—
At laste her vice—aw, the happy for hours
Sittin up there among the flowers!

And all the notes that ever you heard—
That's the raison of "Marky the Bird"—
Imitatin—bless ye, then!
Everything from a hawk to a wren.
* * * *
Aw, Mark was grand. "Curlew—curlew!"
What's that at all? No more till "boo!"
Nothin just. But Mark had gorrit:[1]
"*Mirrieu—mirrieu!*"[2] far more horrit!
"*Mirrieu*, dead!"—lek its mate, you know—
"Dead –dead! she's dead!"—aw, terbil though
That bird,—lek left, lek feelin lonely.
And me?—aw, bless ye! one bird only:
Just a rook—they said I dunnit
Fuss-rate: and aisy, once I begun it;
But stopped it soon. And her with the lark;
And "*Mirrieu—mirrieu!*" that was Mark.

Aw, little things them times: but grew,
Till at last the Battle of Waterloo[3]

[1] Got it. [2] Dead. [3] A regular shindy.

Betwix my mother and Dan, that plied me
With the cane one day till he nearly destroyed me.

* * * *

Well, then I was goin to school at the Church,
To Clukish himself, that was usin a birch,
But very little, or a leather strap;
But mostly he was givin ye a rap
On the head with his knuckles—and a little *hem*!'
Aye, a grand ould man was Jemmy Jem.

Taechin! What was there he couldn' taech?
Bless ye! aye, and powerful to praech
In the chapel; but taechin! Mensuration—
Trigonomojough—Navigation!
Aw, splendid! Taech it? like a bird!
But ye couldn' understand a word:
Well, ye wouldn' expec—lek a man, that way,
That never was a week at say![1]
No, no! a tailor he was to his trade,
And many's the pair of breeches he made
In yandher school,—cut out, you know,
On the desk afore him; and sew and sew—
And —"Come, say! come, say!"—aw, the little sinners
We were, to be sure! and—"Take your dinners!"
He'd shout as hearty at twelve o'clock.
Aw, a fine ould cock! a fine ould cock!

I didn' larn much, but there's plenty that did.
There was one little chap with a big round head—
Ye never seen the round—by jing!
That chap was larnin everything.

[1] Sea.

And the more he larn'd, the bigger it got—
This head—and the rounder, just like a pot.
"Look at that boy!" ould Clukish was sayin;
"Fit enough to make your tay in—
That head," he'd say, "like a bottomless pit;
There's nothin that doesn' go into it—
Nothin," says Clukish. And right, no doubt:
It all went in, and it never come out—
Never—so couldn' be no loss
At yandher chap: it's stored it was
In the big round head. My gough! it's grand
To have a head that'll grow and 'spand,
And never leak a drop: the pride
Of the mother! But, of coorse, he died,—
Sartinly—ay, died, of coorse!
Ye see, the workin and the foorce
Of all that was in him, just like a biler,
And no safety-valve, nor no grease for th' ile her—
Nor nothin—ye see?
No, I didn' larn quick,
And I didn' larn much. But I got very thick
With Maggie and Mark. And, when I got higher
In the school, they coaxed me to come in the choir,
And I did; and even after I left
I stuck to it—aye, and made a sheft
To sing somethin—tannor I was wantin—
Tannor—ay; but allis slantin
Into the bass, and—*loo-loo-loo!*[1]
And settled to somethin betwix the two—
Rather doubtful, of a manner.
But Mark was singin the counter-tannor—
Sea-saw, most beautiful! sixes and sevens—
And Maggie up in the heaven of heavens.

[1] (Tries to sing).

And so we got big : and then—doodoss ![1]
I seen the lovely Maggie was.
Milk and roses, milk and roses—
That was the complexion—Moses !
The beautiful she was when she threw
Back her head, and the throat came in view,
Round and white and big, the way
It mostly is with singers, they say—
Fine singers—bless ye, the full !
Like a belliss ![2] like a bull !
And the strings of her bonnet untied, and flung
Over her shouldhers ; and the vice of her rung—
Aw, it rung ! it rung ! and all her breast
Was swelled to the feel of the happiness—
The joy—the glory—the—chut ! it's no use—
" Be cautious ! be cautious ! " says Billy Baroose.

But Mark was a terbil sorrowful chap—
Lemoncholy—that's the tap.
And the ouldher he grew, the lemoncholier
He got. And nobody couldn' be jollier
Nor heartier, ye know, till[3] me—
But Mark was allis for poethry.
But the sorrowful—bless ye ! lek it was bred
In the falla—" *Mirrieu—mirrieu !* dead ! "
Just so. And " Lizzen ! " And then he'd repate
Pomes that'd buss the heart of a skate—
His own compozin—aye, and still
I was likin to hear him terrible.
'Deed he'd make ye cry : and a lightish slaeper :
And went to the town to be a draper.

And me and Betsy goin together ;
And Maggie keepin house for the father,

[1] Good gracious. [2] Bellows. [3] Than.

And a good job too—at laste, it appears—
A widda man, and had been for years.
And Maggie and me would be about twenty;
And me agate of the fishin, and plenty
To do, I can tell ye, to keep the pot bilin,—
When, lo and behould ye! there came to the Islan'
A terbil man.
Inspector they called him:
Inspector of Schools; and tuk and hauled him
From parish to parish—the work that was in!
And so he came at last to the Lhen,
And hed it out with Danny Dan.

"Latthars!" says Danny, "latthars! dear heart!
Bewild'rn the childhar—give them a start!
Latthars! what's latthars? idikkiliss!
Clap a Testament in their fiss!"
"No!" says the Inspector; "just clap this."
And whips a book from his starn[1] pocket—
"Now then!"—Bless ye! a Congreve rocket
'd hev done just as well—not a bit! not a bit!
Not the one of them—not a line of it!
And the childhar stared—
"They're not prepared!"
Says Danny, and argued and argued away.
Till he was black in the face, as a body might say.
And then he jawed, lek fit to buss;
And then he gave a bit of a cuss;
And then the Inspector brought him up,
All standin—poor divil! and—"Stop, sir, stop!"
Says he. "In all my 'sperience
I never saw such ignorance.

[1] Coat-tail.

And it'll be my duty to repoort"—
Lek presention to the coort—
Or whatever it is—coort, or commission—
Somethin—"total inefficien"—
Inefficien—that's their talk.
And so poor Danny had to walk;
And home to his people in Kirk Bride,
And kept at the Pazon[1] till he died.

And the Bishop came, and the Captain there,
And the Lord knows who, and spakin fair;
And "they'd have the school in proper order."
And so we were hearin nothin fardher
Till one day there come a Scotchman—aye!
For the schoolmaster.
He wasn' shy,
This Scotchman, at all—aw, 'deed he wasn'!

* * * *

He was what you'd call a pushin chap—
Pushin, bedad! and a new light,
And come to set us all right,
That was sittin in darkness and the shadow of death:
And his name was Alexander Macbeth.

But the chap was good-lookin—that's the pint,
And a tongue in his head lek a 'varsal jint.
He could make it bitter, and he could make it sweet;
He could lift a gel from off her feet
With that tongue. And schaemin! bless ye, the schaemin,
And plannin and plottin, and watchin and aimin!

[1] Parson.

Keen though, as keen as a hungry gull ;—
And still he could look that sorrowful,
And groanin, and hintin, and his eye all brimmin
With the tears—aw, they're likin that, is women !
Being nath'ral kind, you'll understand,
And longin to comfort every man—
Special if he's handsome, of coorse !
Sartinly : but work the oors,[1]
Work the oors.

It wasn' long
Afore Mr. Sandy was at it ding-dong
To get the school from Clukish—ay,
The principal school—aw, never say die !
And he worked and he worked, lek thingumagee,
Till the Bishop appointed a Committée.
And a committée, it's lek you're aware,
'll do anything : anything, I'll swear,
Committées 'll do—just so, just so—
'Deed they will.

But whether or no,
This Alec Macbeth was at Clukish hisself ;
And "Time to be layin on the shelf ;"
And cocked him up with humbug and flattery,
And "My exc'lin colleague !" and "Dear me !
the batthar[2] he
Would be with a pension !" and "Wouldn' he
now ?"
And "Eh, Miss Clukish ?" and "Bow-wow-wow !"
The dirt ! and gorr it all "arranged"
Grand, I tell ye. And so he changed
From the Lhen to the Parish ; but Clukish still
To be clerk—and quite agreeable :
Tired—and lek everything in its saison.

[1] Let us get on. [2] Better.

But ould Clukish had another raison,
Another, I tell ye. He seen this rascal
Was gettin spoony on Maggie; and ask all
The Parish, and they'd ha' tould ye at once
The match was a splendid one, a chance
That wouldn' often come Maggie's way.
I've asked the Pazon, and what did he say?
"Mr. Macbeth is a man of promise,
And a most respectable person, Thomas;
And very interestin, and clever"—
Azackly so! Now, did you ever?
Even the Pazon! 'Spectable? paff!
Clever? aye, too clever by half!
Euclid—that was some stuff he was workin
With these lumps, that could as aisy swallow a perkin—[1]
High, man! high—aw, bless your sowl!
Didn' a woman come and scowl
And complain? and says she, "We're gettin no rest
Of the night," she says, "with this foolishness.
He's shoutin most terbil in his sleep,
And me and the father can't get a peep.
And we won't stand it! no!" she said.
And he spoke her so fine; and "Raelly! in bed!"
And he laughed, and he carried on that plaisin
That the woman went away amazin
The satisfied: and sleep is money;
But that chap's tongue was the divil's own honey.

And Mark was delightin in him too:
Aw, bless ye! he knew his Mark, he knew

[1] Porpoise.

The soft sort of chap—a pote ! a pote !
Wasn' he one himself? and 'd know 't
"In Mark at once." And heaves up the eye,
If ye seen them together, and sigh for sigh,
And groan for groan ; and takin turns
Repeatin their pomes. And "The Manx Burns"
He'd be callin Marky—you'll never rag urrov
A Scotchman but he'll take a shockin brag urrov [1]
That Burns. "Tim Shindy" [2]—ay, just so—
"Catch her a' Saturday," [2] "Scots wo-ho !" [2]
Of coorse ! of coorse !—You're mortal fond of them,
Aren' ye, Andra? Andra's one of them.

So Mark was altogether tuk with him ;
And the Pazon too—aw dear ! worse luck with him :
And me? Well, no : but I'd nothin to say ;
And every dog must have his day.
What was my 'pinion worth to be puttin
Against the Pazon's ? Not a button.
And the Pazon was hardly likin him,
Lek what you call likin—that's not the trim.
The Pazon, ye see, was allis for pace,
But equal, too, for righteousness,
And justice betwix man and man :
Aw, he'd work it well if once he began,
But he wouldn' go out of his way for a fight :
Righteousness, the thing that's right -
That was the Pazon. And Doctor Bell
The same : the chap was manin well,
They thought. "Sincere," the Pazon said ;
And "the valable qualities" he had :

[1] *i.e.* You'll never tease him out of bragging about.
[2] "Tam o' Shanter," "Cottar's Saturday Night," "Scots wha hae."

"Valuable," the Pazon was sayin—
He spoke that sweet, and slow, and plain.

Of coorse the Pazon was diff'rin from me;
The two of them bein such schullars, ye see,
And knowin a dale about books and such,
The Pazon was likin his talk very much—
Likin his talk; you see, they were maetin
On the same floors, and the nither baetin—
Maetin, not baetin—and still, for all,
I believe he could give the Pazon a fall
Now and then, bein slippy and slim;
And nice for the Pazon, remindin him
Of the time he was young, and could argufy
With the best of them. And he wouldn' try
To flatter the Pazon: he knew like a spit
That wouldn' take the Pazon a bit.
And if he was bould, ye know, and imprin,[1]
The Pazon never liked them simp'rin
Cringin divils; and nathral kind:
So the Pazon was grippin him mind to mind.
But heart to heart was rather me;
Heart to heart, ye know, lek it would be—
Enstinct, isn' it, they're sayin?
Feelins lek—lek I couldn' explain:
Couldn' grip with him, hadn' the head;
But I could hate him, and so I did.
But only a boy, and nothin to shove me
Much in his road, that was quite above me—
Hardly know'n me, bless ye! no;
Nor me him; and so—and so.

And Maggie, what'd ye do with her?
Lovin him like Lucifer.

[1] Impudent.

That was the deuce—no good to fret:
Love's golden net! love's golden net!
Gold, gold! pure gold! but, sink or float,
Iron is only cobwebs to 't.
Caught was Maggie—caught, caught, caught!
No matter the oughtn', no matter the ought.

* * * *

"Behaved hisself?" Of coorse, he done—
Had to behave hisself, my son.
But hang it! give the divil his due—
Just the same as I would to you.
Now stow your chaff there, Barney O'Grady!
He traited her lek a puffic lady.

So now it's for a Pazon he was goin:
And how he managed there's no knowing;
But got the Bishop to examine him
And some way or other contrived to gammon him
To promise to ordain him—*ordain;*
Isn' that the word? whatever they mane—
And curate! curate, I'll be bail:
Goin for a curate to Pazon Gale,
And would have been the very next day,
If it hadn'—but stay, my lads, now stay!

That ev'rin, I tell ye, there come a woman,
Along the road though, cryin uncommon—
Cryin, cryin, cryin there—
"Where's my Sandy? where, O where?
Where's my Sandy? my Alexander?
Where is he? where is he?" and had cried like yandher
All the passage from Whitehaven,
"Where's my Sandy? div ye ken?"

And up the pier and the market-place,
"Where's my Sandy?" and wouldn' cease.
And she didn' regard for none that blamed her—
For of coorse there was people that fied-for-shamed
her;
And a pleeceman gave her directions to go;
And "Sandy! Sandy!" she was shoutin, though.

And come upon the village street,
And could hardly stand upon her feet—
And the women about her, and "Get some
brandy!"
But she wouldn' taste it—"Sandy! Sandy!
Where's my Sandy?" And they tried some rum;
And a call for Sandy: so Sandy come.

Yes, he come; and just gave a look:
And then, they say, the fella shook
All over; and then his face all fire,
And straightened hisself lek goin to deny her:
And then a rush, and her arms was round him,
And his round her. "I've found him! found him!"
She said. And he tuk her into the house,
And shut the door, and as quite as a mouse
All night, they were say'n, and plenty to lizzen,
And fancyin they were hear'n them kissin.
But never a word of any complaint—
It's lek the poor craythur was that content
For to have him again. And before the dawn
They were off, and just a bundle, gone
To Douglas, and afterwards over to Anglan—[1]
No nise, no bother, no worry, no wranglin—
Just off. The woman, ye see, was his wife.

[1] England.

And the chap was poor, and she'd worked lek a slave
To keep him at one of these places they have
For preparin people for schoolmasters,
And pazons and that—St. Bars? St. Burs?
St. Bees—that's it; and hardly fair,
I've heard them tellin that's seen her there
In a little room, and to brew and to bake for him,
And pickin sticks to bake a cake for him.

Well now—Maggie? Hould your kedge![1]
I seen her spreadin clothes on the hedge
Of the garden, it wouldn' be more till a week
After that, and I thought I'd speak;
And "How are tha, Maggie, how are tha, gel?"
"Aw!" she said, "I'm very well."
"Very well—very well!"
Toull the bell—toull the bell—
When ye know what it's manin—that "very well!"

She died next day—quite aisy, they said—
"*Mirrieu—mirrieu*! dead—dead—
Dead!" And Mark? He dropped the draper,
And tuk to writin for some paper.
So ye see there's some that takes it deep—
Upon my sowl, the chap's asleep!
All right—
Good night! T. E. Brown

[1] Hold your peace: Lit. anchor.

12.—PASSAGES FROM "HYPERION"[1]

I.—Saturn and Thea

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair.
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Casting a shade; the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large footmarks went,
No further than to where his feet had strayed
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the Earth,
His ancient Mother,[2] for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand

[1] The Sun-god of the Titans, or older dynasty of Gods, dispossessed by Apollo, as Saturn was by Jove. The accent should really fall on the third syllable.

[2] The Titans were the children of Uranus and Gæa (Heaven and Earth).

Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height; she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But O how unlike marble was that face!
How beautiful, if Sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self!
There was a listening fear in her regard
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its storèd thunder labouring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there
Though an Immortal, she felt cruel pain;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenour and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!
—"Saturn, look up! yet wherefore, poor old King?
I have no comfort for thee, no, not one
I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,

Has from thy sceptre passed; and all the air
Is emptied of thy hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house:
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time! O moments big as years!
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on. O thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on: while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer night
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off
As if the ebbing air had but one wave,
So came these words and went; the while in tears
She touched her fair large forehead to the ground,
Just where her falling hair might be outspread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured motionless,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern;
The frozen God still couchant on the earth
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet:
Until at length old Saturn lifted up
His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,

And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake
As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
Shook horrid with such aspen-malady:
"O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face:
Look up, and let me see our doom in it;
Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
Is Saturn's; tell me if thou hear'st the voice
Of Saturn; tell me if this wrinkling brow,
Naked and bare of its great diadem,
Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power
To make me desolate? whence came the strength?
How was it nurtured to such bursting forth,
While Fate seemed strangled in my nervous grasp?
But it is so; and I am smothered up
And buried from all godlike exercise
Of influence benign on planets pale,
Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in.[1] I am gone
Away from mine own bosom: I have left
My strong identity, my real self,
Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!
Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
Upon all space: space starred, and lorn of light;
Space regioned with life-air, and barren void;
Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell.

[1] It will be remembered that the reign of Saturn (with whom Kronos is here identified) was the "Golden Age," and that the malign influences ascribed to the planet had no basis in the history of the God.

Search, Thea, search! and tell me if thou seest
A certain shape or shadow, making way
With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
A heaven he lost awhile: it must—it must
Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be King!
Yes, there must be a golden victory;
There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
Upon the gold clouds metropolitan;
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be
Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
Of the sky-children; I will give command:
Thea! Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?"

II.—Saturn and Oceanus[1] in the Conclave of Titans

There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines.
When Winter lifts his voice: there is a noise
Among Immortals when a God gives sign,
With hushing finger, how he means to load
His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought,
With thunder, and with music, and with pomp:
Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines;
Which, when it ceases in this mountained world,
No other sound succeeds; but ceasing here,
Among these fallen, Saturn's voice therefrom
Grew up like organ, that begins anew
Its strain, when other harmonies, stopt short,
Leave the dinned air vibrating silverly.

[1] The Titan Sea-god, dispossessed by Neptune.

Thus grew it up: "Not in my own sad breast,
Which is its own great judge and searcher out,
Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
Not in the legends of the first of days,
Studied from that old spirit-leavèd book
Which starry Uranus with finger bright
Saved from the shores of darkness, when the waves
Low-ebbed still hid it up in shallow gloom,—
And the which book ye know I ever kept
For my firm-basèd footstool: ah! infirm,—
Not there, nor in sign, symbol, or portent
Of element, earth, water, air, fire,
At war, at peace, or inter-quarreling
One against one, or two, or three, or all
Each several one against the other three,
As fire with air loud warring when rain-floods
Drown both, and press them both against earth's face,
Where, finding sulphur, a quadruple wrath
Unhinges the poor world; not in that strife,
Wherefrom I take strange lore, and read it deep,
Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
No, nowhere can unriddle, though I search,
And pore on Nature's universal scroll
Even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,
The first-born of all shaped and palpable Gods,
Should cower beneath what, in comparison,
Is untremendous might. Yet ye are here;
O'erwhelmed and spurned and battered, ye are here!
O Titans, shall I say, 'Arise!'—Ye groan:
Shall I say 'Crouch!' Ye groan. What can I then?
O Heaven wide! O unseen Parent dear!

What can I? Tell me, all ye brethren Gods,
How we can war, how engine our great wrath!
O speak your counsel now, for Saturn's ear
Is all a-hungered. Thou, Oceanus,
Ponderest high and deep; and in thy face
I see, astonied, that severe content
Which comes of thought and musing: give us help!"

So ended Saturn; and the God of the Sea,
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
But cogitation in his watery shades,
Arose, with locks not oozy, and began
In murmurs, which his first-endeavouring tongue
Caught infant-like from the far-foamèd sands.
"O ye, whom wrath consumes! who, passion-stung,
Writhe at defeat and nurse your agonies!
Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears;
My voice is not a bellows unto ire.
Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop:
And in the proof much comfort will I give,
If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
We fall by course of Nature's law, not force
Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn, thou
Hast sifted well the atom-universe;
But for this reason, that thou art the King,
And only blind from sheer supremacy,
One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
Through which I wandered to eternal truth.
And first, as thou was not the first of powers,
So art thou not the last; it cannot be:
Thou art not the beginning nor the end.
From Chaos and parental Darkness came

Light, the first-fruits of that intestine broil,
That sullen ferment, which for wondrous ends
Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,
And with it Light, and Light, engendering
Upon its own producer, forthwith touched
The whole enormous matter into life.
Upon that very hour, our parentage,
The Heavens and the Earth, were manifest;
Then thou first-born,[1] and we the giant-race
Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action, free companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness; nor are we
Thereby more conquered, than by us the rule
Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull soil
Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
Can it deny the chiefdom of green groves?
Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings

[1] According to the common account, Kronos was the youngest of the Titans.

To wander wherewithal and find its joys?
We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
But eagles golden-feathered, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign
In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might:
Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,[1]
My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foamed along
By noble wingèd creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calmèd waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforced me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire; farewell sad I took,
And hither came, to see how dolorous fate
Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
Give consolation in this woe supreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm."

III.—The Entrance of Hyperion

All eyes were on Enceladus's[2] face,
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name

[1] Neptune (Poseidon) is generally represented as drawn by beautiful sea-horses, his own creation. Keats seems to have added the wings.

[2] Enceladus took part in the subsequent conflict between the Giants and Gods, and is not usually included among the Titans. He was defeated, and imprisoned under Mt. Aetna.

Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
A pallid gleam across his features stern:
Not savage, for he saw full many a God
Wroth as himself. He looked upon them all,
And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
But splendider in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel
When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
In pale and silver silence they remained,
Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulf, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams:
And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion:—a granite peak
His bright feet touched, and there he stayed to view
The misery his brilliance had betrayed
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking East:
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp
He uttered, while his hands contemplative
He pressed together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seized again the fallen Gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day,

And many hid their faces from the light:
But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes
Among the brotherhood; and, at their glare,
Uprose Iäpetus, and Creüs too,
And Phorcus,[1] sea-born, and together strode
To where he towered on his eminence.
There those four shouted forth old Saturn's name;
Hyperion from the peak loud answered, "Saturn!"
Saturn sat near the Mother of the Gods[2]
In whose face was no joy, though all the Gods
Gave from their hollow throats the name of
"Saturn!"

IV.—Apollo

Apollo is once more the golden theme!
Where was he, when the Giant of the Sun
Stood bright, amid the sorrow of his peers?
Together had he left his mother fair
And his twin-sister sleeping in their bower,
And in the morning twilight wandered forth
Beside the osiers of a rivulet,
Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale.
The nightingale had ceased, and a few stars
Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush
Began calm-throated. Throughout all the isle
There was no covert, no retired cave
Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves,
Though scarcely heard in many a green recess.

[1] Phorcys, the father of the Gorgons, sometimes represented as a Titan.

[2] Ops, the wife of Saturn, also known as Rhea and Cybele. See note 2, p. 334.

He listened and he wept, and his bright tears
Went trickling down the golden bow he held.
Thus with half-shut suffusèd eyes he stood,
While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by
With solemn step an awful Goddess came,
And there was purport in her looks for him,
Which he with eager guess began to read
Perplexed, the while melodiously he said:
"How cam'st thou over the unfooted sea?
Or hath that antique mien and robèd form
Moved in these vales invisible till now?
Sure I have heard those vestments sweeping o'er
The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone
In cool mid-forest. Surely I have traced
The rustle of those ample skirts about
These grassy solitudes, and seen the flowers
Lift up their heads, as still the whisper passed.
Goddess! I have beheld those eyes before,
And their eternal calm, and all that face,
Or I have dreamed."—"Yes," said the supreme shape,
"Thou hast dreamed of me; and awaking up
Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side,
Whose strings touched by thy fingers, all the vast
Unwearied ear of the whole universe
Listened in pain and pleasure at the birth
Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not strange
That thou shouldst weep, so gifted? Tell me, youth,
What sorrow thou canst feel; for I am sad
When thou dost shed a tear: explain thy griefs
To one who in this lonely isle hath been
The watcher of thy sleep and hours of life,

From the young day when first thy infant hand
Plucked witless the weak flowers, till thine arm
Could bend that bow heroic to all times.
Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power
Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones
For prophecies of thee, and for the sake
Of loveliness new born."—Apollo then,
With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes,
Thus answered, while his white melodious throat
Throbbed with the syllables.—"Mnemosyne![1]
Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how;
Why should I tell thee what thou so well seest?
Why should I strive to show what from thy lips
Would come no mystery? For me, dark, dark,
And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:
I strive to search wherefore I am so sad,
Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;
And then upon the grass I sit, and moan,
Like one who once had wings.—O why should I
Feel cursed and thwarted, when the liegeless air
Yields to my step aspirant? why should I
Spurn the green turf as hateful to my feet?
Goddess benign, point forth some unknown thing:
Are there not other regions than this isle?
What are the stars? There is the sun, the sun!
And the most patient brilliance of the moon!
And stars by thousands! Point me out the way
To any one particular beauteous star,
And I will flit into it with my lyre,
And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss.
I have heard the cloudy thunder: Where is power?
Whose hand, whose essence, what divinity

[1] The Goddess of Memory, a Titan.

Makes this alarum in the elements,
While I here idle listen on the shores
In fearless, yet in aching ignorance?
O tell me, lonely Goddess, by thy harp
That waileth every morn and eventide,
Tell me why thus I rave about these groves!
Mute thou remainest—Mute! yet I can read
A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:
Knowledge enormous makes a God of me.
Names, deeds, gray legends, dire events, rebellions,
Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
Creations, and destroyings, all at once
Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
And deify me, as if some blithe wine
Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
And so become immortal." Thus the God,
While his enkindled eyes, with level glance
Beneath his white soft temples, stedfast kept
Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne.

J. KEATS

13.—SEA DRIFT[1]

OUT of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight
Over the sterile sands, and the fields beyond, where the child leaving his bed wandered alone, bareheaded, barefoot,

[1] The name of a series, of which this poem is the first.

Down from the showered halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows turning and twisting as if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briars and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories, sad brother, from the fitful risings and fallings I heard,
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and swollen as if with tears,
From those beginning notes of yearning and love there in the mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart never to cease,
From the myriad thence-aroused words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,
From such as now they start, the scene revisiting,
(As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing),
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,—
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond them,
A reminiscence sing.

Once in Paumánok,[1]
When the lilac-scent was in the air, and Fifth-month grass was growing,

[1] The Indian name of Long Island, in the State of New York, where the poet was born.

Up this sea-shore in some briars,
Two feathered guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown;
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouched on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun,
While we bask, we two together.

Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.

Till of a sudden,
Maybe killed, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from briar to briar by day,

I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the
he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up, sea-winds, along Paumánok's shore!
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glistened,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scalloped
stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

He called on his mate,
He poured forth the meanings which I of all men
know.

Yes, my brother, I know,—
The rest might not, but I have treasured every note;
For more than once dimly down to the beach
gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeam, blending myself
with the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the
sounds and sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly
tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my
hair,
Listened long and long.

Listened to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
Following you, my brother.

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind, embracing and lapping every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love!

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love!

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves.
Surely you must know who is here, is here,—
You must know who I am, my love!

Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer!

Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate back again if you only would!
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere:
Pierce the woods, the earth!
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want.

Shake out carols!
Solitary here, the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love, death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea,
O reckless, despairing carols!

But soft! sink low!
Soft! let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea:
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me.

Hither, my love!
Here I am, here!
With this just-sustained note I announce myself to you;
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

Do not be decoyed elsewhere:
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice;
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray;
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!
I am very sick and sorrowful.
O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!

O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.

O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved, loved, loved, loved, loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more.

The *aria* sinking,
All else continuing, the stars shining,
The winds blowing, the notes of the bird continuous echoing;
With angry moans the fierce old Mother incessantly moaning
On the sands of Paumánok's shore gray and rustling;
The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging[1] down, drooping, the face of the sea almost touching;
The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his hair the atmosphere dallying;[2]
The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last tumultuously bursting;
The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing;
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering;
The undertone, the savage old Mother incessantly crying,
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing,—some drowned secret hissing
To the outsetting bard.

[1] Hanging down. Cp. *Macbeth*—

"The hearts we wear
Shall never sag with doubt."

[2] Toying with.

"Demon or bird!" said the boy's soul,
"Is it indeed toward your mate you sing, or is it really to me?
For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now I have heard you,
Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake,
And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs, clearer, louder, and more sorrowful than yours,
A thousand warbling echoes have started the life within me, never to die.

"O you singer solitary, singing by yourself, projecting me,
O solitary me listening! never more shall I cease perpetuating you,
Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,
Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent from me,
Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was before what there in the night,
By the sea under the yellow and sagging moon,
The messenger there aroused,—the fire, the sweet hell within,
The unknown want, the destiny of me.

"O give me the clue!—it lurks in the night here somewhere,
O if I am to have so much, let me have more!

"A word then—for I will conquer it—
The word final, superior to all,
Subtle, sent up—what is it?—I listen;

Are you whispering it, and have you been all the time, you sea-waves ?
Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands ?"

Whereto answering, the sea,
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whispered me through the night, and very plainly before daybreak,
Lisped to me the low and delicious word *death*,
And again *death*, *death*, *death*, *death* :
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my aroused child's heart,
But edging near, as privately for me, rustling at my feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears, and laving me softly all over,—
Death, *death*, *death*, *death*, *death*.

Which I do not forget ;
But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,
That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumánok's gray beach,
With the thousand responsive songs at random
My own songs awaked from that hour,
And with them the key, the word up from the waves,
The word of the sweetest song and all songs,
That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet,
—Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in sweet garments, bending aside—
The sea whispered me.

WALT WHITMAN

14.—ADONAIS[1]

An Elegy on the Death of John Keats

Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζώοισιν ἑῷος.
Νῦν δὲ θανὼν λάμπεις ἕσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.—Plato.[2]

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!
O weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head.
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow; say—"With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and name shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!"

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania[3]
When Adonais died? With veilèd eyes,
Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise

[1] From Adonis, who was, like Keats, the "darling of the Gods," and resembled him also, as Shelley thought, in his early and violent death. See stanzas 2, 26, 27.

[2] Shelley has himself translated these lines as follows:—

"Thou wert the Morning Star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled:
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead."

[3] See note 1, p. 367.

She sate, while one with soft enamoured breath
Rekindled all the fading melodies
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

O weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone where all things wise and fair
Descend. O dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air!
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died,
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide
Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite
Of lust and blood; he went unterrified
Into the gulf of death; but his clear sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third[1] among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;

[1] The two first are probably Homer and Vergil.

And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished ; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime ;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

But now thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true-love tears instead of dew.[1]
Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom whose petals, nipt before they blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste ;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came ; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the Eternal.[2]—Come away !
Haste ! while the vault of blue Italian day

[1] In allusion to Keats's *Isabella, or the Pot of Basil.*

[2] In the Protestant cemetery at Rome, of which Shelley says in his preface—"The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think one should be buried in so sweet a place."

Is yet his fitting charnel-roof: while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay.
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, O never more!
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

O weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,
The passion-wingèd ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not,—
Wander no more from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there whence they sprung, and mourn their lot
Round the cold heart where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, nor find a home again.

And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries—

" Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead :
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some dream hath loosened from his brain."
Lost angel of a ruined Paradise !
She knew not 'twas her own, as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs, as if embalming them ;
Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem ;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak,
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.

Another Splendour on his mouth alit,
That mouth whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music : the damp Death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips ;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

And others came: Desires and Adorations,
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies,
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp:[1]—the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy Thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild Winds flew around, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;

[1] Procession, pageant

Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds :[1]—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both[2]
Thou, Adonais : wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears, odour to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee : the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest![3]

[1] See the story of Echo and Narcissus.
[2] *i.e.* To both flowers.
[3] Shelley always believed that Keats's death was caused,

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year:
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows re-appear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead
Season's bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and
brere;
And the green lizard and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance
awake;

Through wood and stream and field and hill
and ocean
A quickening life from the earth's heart has
burst,
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when
first
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream im-
mersed,
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,
Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight
The beauty and the joy of their renewèd might;

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit
tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,

or at least hastened, by a violent attack on *Endymion* in the *Quarterly Review*.

And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath.
Nought we know dies: shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning? The intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been;
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, O never more!
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake in thy heart's core
A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs."
And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
Had held in holy silence, cried: "Arise!"

Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night that springs
Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Has left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania ;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist ; so swept her on her way,
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with stone and steel
And human hearts, which to her aery tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell ;
And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,
Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living might,
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.

"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the silent night!
Leave me not!" cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death; Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, O where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue,
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead,
The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true,
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion,—how they fled
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled![1]—The spoilers tempt no second blow;
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again:
So it is in the world of living men;
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

Thus ceased she; and the mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent:
The Pilgrim of Eternity,[2] whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,

[1] In allusion to Lord Byron's counter-attack, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

[2] Lord Byron, in allusion to *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne[1] sent
The sweetest lyrist[2] of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

'Midst others of less note came one frail Form,[3]
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell: he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pard-like Spirit, beautiful and swift—
A Love in desolation masked—a Power
Girt round with weakness—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly; on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies over-blown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew

[1] Ireland. [2] Moore. [3] Shelley himself.

Yet dripping with the forest's noon-day dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it : of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart ;
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears ; well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own ;
As in the accents of an unknown land
He sang new sorrow ; sad Urania scanned
The stranger's mien, and murmured : " Who art Thou ? "
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's. O that it should be so !

What softer voice is hushed over the dead ?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What Form leans softly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan ?
If it be he,[1] who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one ;
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

[1] Leigh Hunt.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—O
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown;
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
Whose Prelude[1] held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the Song
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame![2]
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow!
Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion-kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead:
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,

[1] The Preface to *Endymion*, in which the author owns and touchingly regrets its immaturity.

[2] *i.e.* He will not have even the poor satisfaction of being remembered.

A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings—*we* decay
Like corpses in a charnel: fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night:
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight
Can touch him not, and torture not again:
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.[1]

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;

[1] The above stanza is inscribed on Shelley's own monument in Christchurch, Hants.

Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird:
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:[1]
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry;

[1] Lucan, a Roman poet of the first century, was put to death for conspiring against Nero. Shelley thought his *Pharsalia* "transcended Vergil."

"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid a Heaven of Song.
Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper[1] of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? O come forth,
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre
O not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions, there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend—they borrow not—
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;

[1] See Greek motto prefixed to the poem.

And where its wrecks like shattered mountains
rise,
And flowering weeds and fragrant copses
dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,[1]
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is
spread ;[2]

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull
Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;
And one keen pyramid[3] with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble ; and be-
neath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of
death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished
breath.

Here pause : these graves are all too young
as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned

[1] See note 1, p. 344.

[2] See note 2, p. 458. Also the beautiful description in the *Letters*. Shelley followed his friend to Rome, but not in life. His grave is close under the "gray walls" here described ; Keats's, "in Heaven's smile," a little lower down.

[3] The tomb of Caius Cestius, a tribune who died in the year 12 B.C.

Its charge to each ; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou ! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become ?

The One remains, the many change and pass :
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !
Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart ?
Thy hopes are gone before : from all things here
They have departed ; thou should'st now depart !
A light is past from the revolving year,
And man, and woman ; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near :

'Tis Adonais calls! O hasten thither;
No more let Life divide what Death can join together!

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being, blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.[1]

P. B. SHELLEY

[1] A year after Shelley wrote this stanza, it was literally fulfilled in his death at sea. "In another's fate," as he says himself, he "wept his own."

15.—ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

THERE was a time when meadow, grove and
stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things that I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose ;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth :
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief :
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep :
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :

I hear the echoes through the mountains throng ;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the world is gay ;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday :—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me ; let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd-boy !

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal ;
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day ! if I were sullen
While the Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
—But there's a tree,—of many, one,—
A single field which I have looked upon :
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy :
Shades of the prison-home begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy ;
The youth, who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art—
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral!
And this hath now his heart;
And unto this he frames his song;
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife:
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"[1]
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind:
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,

[1] *i.e.* A stage showing men's caprices and follies. The expression occurs in the *Musophilus* of S. Daniel (see No. 81), a poet greatly admired and often quoted by Wordsworth.

A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live;
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise:
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised;
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,
To perish never ;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind ;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,

In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not of any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might:
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality:
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

W. WORDSWORTH

16.—PICTURES FROM THE "FAERY QUEENE"

I.—THE MASQUE OF CUPID

WITH that a joyous fellowship issuéd
Of minstrels making goodly merriment,
With wanton bards, and rimers impudent;[1]
All which together sang full cheerfully
A lay of love's delight with sweet consent:
After whom marched a jolly company,
In manner of a masque, enrangèd orderly.

[1] Shameless.

The whiles a most delicious harmony
In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetness of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the frail soul in deep delight nigh drowned:
And, when it ceased, shrill trumpets loud did bray,
That their report did far away rebound;
And, when they ceased, it 'gan again to play,
The whiles the masquers marchèd forth in trim array.

The first was Fancy,[1] like a lovely boy
Of rare aspect and beauty without peer,
Matchable either to that imp of Troy[2]
Whom Jove did love, and chose his cup to bear,
Or that same dainty lad which was so dear
To great Alcides, that whenas he died
He wailèd womanlike with many a tear,
And every wood and every valley wide
He filled with Hylas'[3] name; the nymphs eke "Hylas" cried.

His garment neither was of silk nor say,[4]
But painted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sunburnt Indians do array
Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes so seemed he vain and light,

[1] Love in its more superficial aspect, "vain and light." Contrast the train of Cupid here described with the worshippers of True Love in *The Temple of Venus*.

[2] Ganymede.

[3] A favourite of Heracles, drowned during the expedition of the Argonauts.

[4] Wool.

That by his gait might easily appear:
For still he fared as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did bear,
That in the idle air he moved still here and there.

And him beside marched amorous Desire,
Who seemed of riper years than the other swain:
Yet was that other swain this elder's sire,
And gave him being, common to them twain:
His garment was disguisèd very vain,
And his embroidered bonnet sat awry:
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strain,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soon they life conceived, and forth in flames did fly.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discoloured coat of strange disguise,
That at his back a broad capuccio had,
And sleeves dependent Albanesè-wise;[1]
He looked askew with his mistrustful eyes,
And nicely trod, as thorns lay in his way,
Or that the floor to shrink he did avise:
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard thereon he lay.

With him went Danger, clothed in raggèd weed
Made of bear's skin, that him more dreadful made;

[1] The distinctive dress of the Albanians is still a long cloak, with a hood (*capuccio*), and loose pendant sleeves.

Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need
Strange horror to deform his grisly shade:
A net in the one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was; this mischief, that mishap;
With the one his foes he threatened to invade,
With the other he his friends meant to enwrap:
For whom he could not kill he practised to entrap.

Next him was Fear, all armed from top to toe;
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
But feared each shadow moving to or fro;
And his own arms, when glittering he did spy
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly:
As ashes pale of hue and wingèd-heeled;
And evermore on Danger fixed his eye,
'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmèd fearfully did wield.

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
Of cheerful look and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light arrayed,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold:
She alway smiled, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water sprinkle, dipt in dew,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking shew,—
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

And after them Dissemblance and Suspect[1]
Marched in one rank, yet an unequal pair:
For she was gentle and of mild aspéct,
Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,

[1] Suspicion.

Goodly adornèd and exceeding fair;
Yet was that all but painted and purloined,
And her bright brows were decked with borrowed hair;
Her deeds were forgèd and her words false coined,
And always in her hand two clues[1] of silk she twined.[2]

And he was foul, ill favourèd, and grim,
Under his eyebrows looking still askance;
And ever, as Dissemblance laughed on him,
He lowered on her with dangerous eye-glance,
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
But walked each where for fear of hid mischance;
Holding a lattice still before his face,
Through which he still did peep as forward he did pace.

Next him went Grief and Fury matched yfere:
Grief all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Down hanging his dull head with heavy cheer,
Yet inly being more than seeming sad;
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinchèd people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
In wilful languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolour's dart.

[1] Skeins.

[2] Cp. *Marmion*—

"O what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive."

But Fury was full ill apparellèd
In rags, that naked nigh she did appear,
With ghastly looks and dreadful drearihead;
And from her back her garments she did tear,
And from her head oft rent her snarlèd[1] hair:
In her right hand a firebrand she did toss
About her head, still roaming here and there;
As a dismayèd deer in chace embost[2]
Forgetful of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasance:[3]
He looking lumpish and full sullen-sad,
And hanging down his heavy countenance;
She cheerful, fresh, and full of joyance glad,
As if no sorrow she nor felt nor drad;[4]
That evil matchèd pair they seemed to be:
An angry wasp the one in a phial had,
The other in hers an honey lady-bee.—
Thus marchèd these six couples forth in fair degree.

After all these, there marched a most fair dame,[5]
Led of two grisly villains, the one Despite,
The other clepèd Cruelty by name:
She doleful lady, like a dreary sprite
Called by strong charms out of eternal night,
Had death's own image figured in her face,
Full of sad signs, fearful to living sight;
Yet in that horror shewed a seemly grace,
And with her feeble feet did move a comely pace.

[1] Tangled.
[2] Hard-pressed.
[3] Pleasure.
[4] Feared.
[5] Amoret, the type of a pure love. See *The Temple of Venus.*

Next after her, the wingèd God himself
Came riding on a lion ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that Elf
That man and beast with power imperious
Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he bad awhile unbind,
That his proud spoil of that same dolorous
Fair dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which seen, he much rejoicèd in his cruel mind.

Of which full proud, himself uprearing high,
He lookèd round about with stern disdain,
And did survey his goodly company;
And, marshalling the evil-ordered train,
With that the darts which his right hand did strain
Full dreadfully he shook, that all did quake,
And clasp on high his coloured wingès twain,
That all his *meyné*[1] it afraid did make:
Tho,[2] blinding him again, his way he forth did take.

Behind him was Reproach, Repentance, Shame;
Reproach the first, Shame next, Repent behind:
Repentance feeble, sorrowful, and lame;
Reproach despiteful, careless, and unkind;
Shame most ill-favoured, bestial, and blind:
Shame lowered, Repentance sighed, Reproach did scold;
Reproach sharp stings, Repentance whips entwined.

[1] Company. [2] Then.

Shame burning brand-irons in her hand did
hold:
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one
mould.

And after them a rude confusèd rout
Of persons flocked, whose names is[1] hard to
read:
Amongst them was stern Strife, and Anger stout;
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead;
Lewd Loss of Time; and Sorrow seeming dead;
Inconstant Change; and false Disloyalty;
Consuming Riotise; and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeance; faint Infirmity;
Vile Poverty; and, lastly, Death with infamy.

II.—The Garden of Adonis[2]

In that same Garden all the goodly flowers
Wherewith Dame Nature doth her beautify
And decks the garlands of her paramours
Are fetched: there is the first semínary
Of all things that are born to live and die,
According to their kinds. Long work it were
Here to account the endless progeny
Of all the weeds that bud and blossom there;
But so much as doth need must needs be counted
here.

It sited was in fruitful soil of old,
And girt in with two walls on either side;

[1] It is.

[2] The story of Adonis symbolised the perpetual decay and revival of Nature.

The one of iron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough break, nor overstride:
And double gates it had which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten pass;
Th' one fair and fresh, the other old and dried:
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend
All that to come into the world desire:
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which do require
That he with fleshly weeds would them attire:
Such as him list, such as eternal fate
Ordainèd hath, he clothes with sinful mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortal state,
Till they again return back by the hinder gate.

After that they again returnèd been,
They in that Garden planted be again,
And grow afresh, as they had never seen
Fleshly corruption nor mortal pain:
Some thousand years so do they there remain,
And then of him are clad with other hue,
Or sent into the changeful world again,
Till thither they return where first they grew:
So, like a wheel, around they run from old to new.

Ne needs there gardener to set or sow,
To plant or prune; for of their own accord
All things as they created were do grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word
Which first was spoken by the Almighty Lord,
That bad them to increase and multiply:

Ne do they need with water of the ford
Or of the clouds to moisten their roots dry;
For in themselves eternal moisture they imply.[1]

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth[2] forms, which none yet ever knew;
And every sort is in a sundry bed
Set by itself, and ranked in comely rew;[3]
Some fit for reasonable souls to endue;[4]
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to wear;
And all the fruitful spawn of fishes' hew
In endless ranks along enrangèd were,
That seemed the ocean could not contain them there.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more;
Yet is the stock not lessenèd nor spent,
But still remains in everlasting store
As it at first created was of yore:
For in the wide womb of the world there lies
In hateful darkness and in deep horrór
An huge eternal Chaos, which supplies
The substances of Nature's fruitful progenies.[5]

All things from thence do their first being fetch,
And borrow matter whereof they are made;
Which, whenas form and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth then invade

[1] Enfold. [2] Unknown. [3] Row.
[4] Put on (Lat. *induo*).
[5] See *Par. Lost*, ii. 910-915.

The state of life out of the grisly shade.
That substance is eterne, and bideth so;
Ne, when the life decays and form does fade,
Doth it consume and into nothing go,
But changèd is, and often altered to and fro.

The substance is not changed nor alterèd,
But th' only form and outward fashión;
For every substance is conditionèd
To change her hue, and sundry forms to don,
Meet for her temper[1] and complexión:[1]
For forms are variable, and decay
By course of kind and by occasion;
And that fair flower of beauty fades away
As doth the lily fresh before the sunny ray.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Garden of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time; who with his scythe addrest
Does mow the flowering herbs and goodly things
And all their glory to the ground down flings
Where they do wither and are foully marred:
He flies about and with his flaggy wings
Beats down both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard

Yet pity often did the Gods relent
To see so fair things marred and spoilèd quite;
And their great mother Venus did lament
The loss of her dear brood, her dear delight:
Her heart was pierced with pity at the sight
When walking through the Garden them she spied,

[1] Words used of the proportions and intermixture of the elements that made up matter.

Yet note[1] she find redress for such despite,
For all that lives is subject to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightful Garden grows
Should happy be and have immortal bliss:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flows;
And sweet Love gentle fitts amongst them throws,
Without fell rancour or fond jealousy:
Frankly each paramour his leman knows;
Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
Their goodly merriment and gay felicity.

There is continual Spring and Harvest[2] there
Continual, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear
And with fresh colours deck the wanton Prime,[3]
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb
Which seem to labour under their fruits' load;
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime
Amongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

III.—The Temple of Love

Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankincense I found,
And odours rising from the altar's flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillars round

[1] *Ne wot:* knew not how to.
[2] Autumn; cp. Ger. *Herbst.* [3] Spring.

The roof up high was rearèd from the ground,
All decked with crowns and chains and garlands gay,
And thousand precious gifts worth many a pound
The which sad lovers for their vows did pay ;
And all the ground was strewed with flowers as fresh as May.

An hundred altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices' fire,
That with the steam thereof the temple swet,
Which rolled in clouds to Heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers' vows entire ;
And eke an hundred brazen cauldrons bright
To bathe in joy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damsel hight :
For all the priests were damsels in soft linen dight.

Right in the midst the Goddess self did stand
Upon an altar of some costly mass,
Whose substance was uneath [1] to understand :
For neither precious stone, nor dureful brass,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldering clay it was ;
But much more rare and precious to esteem,
Pure in aspect, and like to crystal glass ;
Yet glass was not, if one did rightly deem ;
But, being fair and brittle, likest glass did seem.

And all about her neck and shoulders flew
A flock of little Loves and Sports and Joys,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hue ;
Whose shapes seemed not like to terrestrial boys,

[1] Difficult.

But like to angels playing heavenly toys ;
The whilst their eldest brother was away,—
Cupid, their eldest brother : he enjoys
The wide kingdom of Love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complaining,
Some of their loss, some of their love's delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons' disdaining,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently feigning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest, some one, through Love's constraining
Tormented sore, could not contain it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill :

" Great Venus ! Queen of beauty and of grace,
The joy of Gods and men, that under sky
Dost fairest shine and most adorn thy place ;
That with thy smiling look dost pacify
The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly :
Thee, Goddess, thee the winds, the clouds do fear ;
And, when thou spread'st thy mantle forth on high,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
And Heavens laugh, and all the world shews joyous cheer.

" So all the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou dost the same repair :
Ne ought on Earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on Earth that lovely is and fair,

But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare:
Thou art the root of all that joyous is.
Great God of men and women, Queen of the air,
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,
O grant that of my love at last I may not miss!"

So did he say: but I with murmur soft,
That none might hear the sorrow of my heart,
Yet inly groaning deep and sighing oft,
Besought her to grant ease unto my smart,
And to my wound her gracious help impart.
Whilst thus I spake, behold! with happy eye
I spied where at the Idol's feet apart
A bevy of fair damsels close did lie,
Waiting when as the anthem should be sung on high.

The first of them did seem of riper years
And graver countenance than all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equal peers,
Yet unto her obeyed all the rest.
Her name was Womanhood, that she exprest
By her sad semblant and demeanour wise:
For steadfast still her eyes did fixèd rest,
Ne roved at random, after gazers' guise,
Whose luring baits oft-times do heedless hearts entice.

And next to her sat goodly Shamefastness,
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground uprear,
Ne ever once did look up from her dess,[1]
As if some blame of evil she did fear,
That in her cheeks made roses oft appear.

[1] Seat.

And her against sweet cheerfulness was placed,
Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening clear
Were decked with smiles that all sad humours chased,
And darted forth delights the which her goodly graced.

And next to her sat sober Modesty,
Holding her hand upon her gentle heart;
And her against sat comely Courtesy,
That unto every person knew her part;
And her before was seated overthwart
Soft Silence, and submiss Obedience,
Both linked together never to dispart:
Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence:
Both garlands of His Saints against their foes' offence.

Thus sat they all around in seemly rate;[1]
And in the midst of them a goodly maid
Even in the lap of Womanhood there sat,
The which was all in lily white arrayed,
With silver streams amongst the linen strayed,
Like to the Morn when first her shining face
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewrayed:
That same was fairest Amoret in place,
Shining with beauty's light and heavenly virtues' grace.

IV.—Nature and Mutability

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld,

[1] Manner.

Still moving, yet unmovèd from her stead,
Unseen of any, yet of all beheld,
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have teld,
Before her came Dame Mutability;
And being low before her presence feld
With meek obeisance and humility,
Thus 'gan her plaintive plea with words to amplify.

"To thee, O greatest Goddess, only great,
An humble suppliant, lo! I lowly fly,
Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat;
Who right to all dost deal indifferently,
Damning all wrong and tortuous injury
Which any of thy creatures do to other,
Oppressing them with power unequally:
Sith of them all thou art the equal Mother,
And knittest each to each as brother unto brother.

"To thee therefore of this same Jove I plain,
And of his fellow Gods that feign to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole world's reign,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And Heaven itself by heritage in fee:
For Heaven and Earth I both alike do deem,
Since Heaven and Earth are both alike to thee;
And Gods no more than men thou dost esteem,
For even the Gods to thee, as men to Gods do seem.

"Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchsafe, O Goddess, to thy presence call
The rest which do the world in being hold;
As Times and Seasons of the Year that fall:

Of all the which demand in general,
Or judge thyself, by verdict of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subject all."
Nature did yield thereto ; and by-and-by
Bade Order call them all before her Majesty.

So forth issued the Seasons of the Year.
First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures) [1]
A gilt engraven morion [2] he did wear ;
That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
That was unlinèd all, to be more light ;
And on his head a garland well beseén
He wore, from which as he had chafèd been
The sweat did drop ; and in his hand he bore
A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs with labour heated sore.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyèd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished hunger, which to-fore

[1] Frays. [2] Iron cap.

Had by the belly oft him pinchèd sore:
Upon his head a wreath that was enrolled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.[1]

Lastly came Winter, clothèd all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill:
In his right hand a tippèd staff he held
With which his feeble steps he stayèd still;
For he was faint with cold and weak with eld,
That scarce his loosèd limbs he able was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went;
And after them the Months all riding came:
First, sturdy March,[2] with brows full sternly bent
And armèd strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam:[3]
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,[4]
Which on the earth he strewèd as he went,
And filled her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment.

[1] Yielded.

[2] It will be remembered that Spenser's year began in March. He follows classical precedent in associating the Signs of the Zodiac with the Months to which they roughly correspond, and also in identifying them with mythological persons and animals. For illustrations of his descriptions, see Chambers's *Book of Days*.

[3] See the story of Phryxus and Helle. [4] Together.

Next came fresh April, full of lustyhead,
And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through the Argolic floods:
His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnishèd with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
Which th' Earth brings forth; and wet he seemed in sight
With waves through which he waded for his love's delight.

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
Decked all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around;
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The Twins of Leda;[1] which on either side
Supported her like to their sovereign queen.
Lord! how all creatures laughed when her they spied,
And leaped and danced as they had ravished been!
And Cupid self about her fluttered all in green.

And after her came jolly June, arrayed
All in green leaves, as he a player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as played,
That by his plough-irons mote right well appear:
Upon a Crab he rode that him did bear
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
And backward yode,[2] as bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contráry to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which feigns demurest grace.

[1] Castor and Pollux. [2] Went (old past of *go*).

Then came hot July, boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away;
Upon a Lion raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey:
It was the beast that whilom did foray
The Némean forest, till the Amphytrionide[1]
Him slew, and with his hide did him array:
Behind his back a scythe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixth was August, being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold down to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand; the which was crowned
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found:
That was the righteous Virgin,[2] which of old
Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after wrong was loved and justice sold,
She left the unrighteous world and was to Heaven extolled.

Next him September marchèd, eke on foot;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil
Of harvests, riches, which he made his boot,[3]
And him enriched with bounty of the soil:
In his one hand, as fit for harvests' toil
He held a knife-hook; and in the other hand
A pair of Weights[4] with which he did assoyle[5]
Both more and less, where it in doubt did stand,
And equal gave to each as Justice duly scanned.

[1] Heracles was the supposed son of Amphytrion. His real father was Zeus. [2] Astræa. [3] Booty.
[4] The Scales (*Libra*), said to symbolise the equal days and nights of the Autumnal Equinox. [5] Decide.

Then came October full of merry glee;
For yet his nowl[1] was totty[2] of the must
Which he was treading in the wine-fat's sea,
And of the joyous oil whose gentle gust
Made him so frolic and so full of lust:
Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Diana's doom unjust
Slew great Orion[3]; and eke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tied.

Next was November: he full gross and fat,
As fed with lard and that right well, might seem;
For he had been a-fatting hogs of late,
That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steam,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem:[4]
In planting eke he took no small delight.
Whereon he rode not easy was to deem;
For it a dreadful Centaur[5] was in sight,
The seed of Saturn and fair Naïs, Chiron hight.

And after him came next the chill December;
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember:
His Saviour's Birth his mind so much did glad:
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,

[1] Head. [2] Giddy.
[3] Orion, the hunter, having insulted Artemis, she sent a scorpion to kill him. [4] Chilly.
[5] The Archer (*Sagittarius*) was a Centaur, sometimes identified with Chiron.

They say, was nourished by the Idæan maid ;[1]
And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

Then came old January, wrappèd well
In many weeds to keep the cold away ;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,[2]
And blow his nails to warm them if he may ;
For they were numbed with holding all the day
An hatchet keen, with which he fellèd wood
And from the trees did lop the needless spray :
Upon an huge great earth-pot stean[3] he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowèd forth the Roman Flood.[4]

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawn of two Fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slide
And swim away ; yet had he by his side
His plough and harness fit to till the ground
And tools to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgeon[5] round.
So passed the twelve Months forth, and their due places found.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace ;

[1] Jove was brought up by nymphs on Mount Ida in Crete.
[2] Perish.
[3] Earthenware urn.
[4] The Waterman (Aquarius) was identified with Deucalion.
[5] Bud.

Th' one on a palfrey black, the other white;
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the Moon and Stars were pight,[1]
And Sleep and Darkness round about did trace:
But Day did bear upon his sceptre's height
The goodly Sun encompast all with beamès bright.

Then came the Hours, fair daughters of high Jove
And timely Night, the which were all endued
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
That might forslack the charge to them foreshewed
By mighty Jove; who did them porters make
Of Heaven's gate (whence all the Gods issúed)
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By even turns, ne ever did their charge forsake.

And after all came Life; and lastly Death:
Death with most grim and grisly visage seen;
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,
Nor ought to see, but like a shade to ween,
Unbodièd, unsouled, unheard, unseen:
But Life was like a fair young lusty boy,
Such as they feign Dan Cupid to have been,
Full of delightful health and lively joy,
Decked all with flowers and wings of gold fit to employ.

[1] Placed.

When these were past, thus gan the Titaness ;[1]
"Lo ! mighty Mother, now be judge, and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or less
Change doth not reign and bear the greatest sway :
For who sees not that Time on all doth prey ?
But times do change and move continually ;
So nothing here long standeth in one stay :
Therefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subject still to Mutability ?

"Then, since within this wide, great Universe
Nothing doth firm and permanent appear,
But all things tost and turnèd by transverse,
What then should let but I aloft should rear
My trophy, and from all the triumph bear ?
Now judge then, O thou greatest Goddess true !
According as thyself dost see and hear ;
And unto me addoom[2] that is my due,—
That is, the rule of all, all being ruled by you."

So having ended, silence long ensued ;
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firm eyes affixt the ground still viewed.
Meanwhile all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtful case,
Did hang in long suspense what would ensue,
To whether side should fall the sovereign place.
At length she, looking up with cheerful view,
The silence brake, and gave her doom in speeches few :

[1] Spenser makes his "Mutability" of Titan descent, to explain her hatred of Jove. See *Hyperion*.
[2] Adjudge.

"I well consider all that ye have said;
And find that all things steadfastness do hate,
And changèd be; yet, being rightly weighed,
They are not changèd from their first estate;
But by their change their being do dilate;
And, turning to themselves at length again,
Do work their own perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and reign;
But they rule over Change, and do their states maintain.

"Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be ruled by me;
For thy decay thou seek'st by thy desire:
But time shall come that all shall changèd be,
And from thenceforth none no more change shall see!"
So was the Titaness put down and whist,
And Jove confirmed in his imperial see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist;
And Nature's self did vanish, whither no man wist.

V.—"UNPERFITE"

When I bethink me on that speech whilere
Of Mutability, and well it weigh:
Meseems that though she all unworthy were
Of the Heaven's rule; yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest sway:
Which makes me loathe this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vain to cast away;

Whose flowering pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle!

Then gin I think on that which Nature said,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayed
Upon the pillars of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutability;
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight.
O that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoth's[1] sight!

E. SPENSER

[1] Spenser appears to use *Sabaoth* (hosts) in the sense of *Sabbath* (rest).

DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH OF AUTHORS

CHAUCER, Geoffrey : *c.* 1340-1400.
JAMES I. (of Scotland) : 1394-1437.
HENRYSON, Robert : *c.* 1425-*c.* 1500.
DUNBAR, William : *c.* 1460-*c.* 1520.
HEYWOOD, John : 1500-1565.
VAUX, Thomas (Lord) : 1510-*c.* 1557.
HOWARD, Henry (Earl of Surrey) : 1516-1547.
SACKVILLE, Thomas (Lord Buckhurst) : 1536-1608.
RALEIGH, Walter (Sir) : 1552-1618.
SPENSER, Edmund : 1553-1599.
SIDNEY, Philip (Sir) : 1554-1586.
LYLY, John : *c.* 1553-1600.
SIDNEY, Mary (Countess of Pembroke) : 1555-1621.
LODGE, Thomas : 1556-1625.
WATSON, Thomas : 1557-1592.
CHAPMAN, George : *c.* 1559-1634.
BACON, Francis (Lord) : 1561-1626.
MARLOWE, Christopher : 1562-1593.
DANIEL, Samuel : 1562-1619.
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SHAKSPEARE, William : 1564-1616.
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DAVIES, John : 1569-1626.
DONNE, John : 1573-1631.
JONSON, Ben : 1574-1637.
MARSTON, John : *c.* 1575-1634.
FLETCHER, John : 1576-1625.
FLETCHER, Phineas : 1582-1650.

DRUMMOND, William : 1585-1649.
BEAUMONT, Francis : 1586-1616.
WITHER, George : 1588-1667.
CAREW, Thomas : 1589-1639.
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HERRICK, Robert : 1591-1674.
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HABINGTON, William : 1605-1654.
WALLER, Edmund : 1605-1687.
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SMART, Christopher : 1722-1770.
ELLIOTT, Jane : 1727-1805.
GOLDSMITH, Oliver : 1728-1774.
COWPER, William : 1731-1800.
LINDSAY, Anne : 1750-1825.
BURNS, Robert : 1759-1796.
WORDSWORTH, William : 1770-1850.
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SOUTHEY, Robert : 1774-1843.
LAMB, Charles : 1775-1835.
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HOGG, James : 1782-1835.
CUNNINGHAM, Allan : 1784-1842.
HUNT, Leigh : 1784-1859.
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SHELLEY, Percy Bysshe : 1792-1822.
KEATS, John : 1795-1821.
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MACAULAY, Thomas Babington (Lord) : 1800-1859.
BARNES, William : 1800-1886.
LONGFELLOW, Henry Wadsworth : 1807-1882.
POE, Edgar Allan : 1809-1849.
BROWNING, Elizabeth Barrett : 1809-1861.
TENNYSON, Alfred (Lord) : 1809-1892.
BROWNING, Robert : 1812-1889.
CLOUGH, Arthur Hugh : 1819-1861.
KINGSLEY, Charles : 1819-1875.
LOWELL, James Russell : 1819-1891.
WHITMAN, Walt : 1819-1892.
ARNOLD, Matthew : 1822-1888.
ROSSETTI, Dante Gabriel : 1828-1882.
ALLINGHAM, William : 1828-1889.
ROSSETTI, Christina Georgina : 1830-1894.

ROYDON, Matthew, was a minor poet of the sixteenth century.

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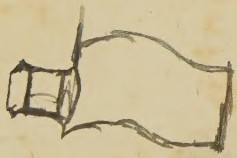
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